THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 29. J. J. BURKE, EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Mar. 19, 1891. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	* No.2 5,05 A. M.
No. 7, 10,19 A. M.	No.6, 11,55 A. M.
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 6,47 P. M
* No. 1, 12.39 A. M.	No. 10, 7,35 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.

Reference mark * Stop on signal.

During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt

Antioch Home News.

Attend the open session of Lodge next Tuesday evening.

A few of our people are still struggling with the "grip."

We understand that Lyman Grice's new hotel is to be completed the first of June.

Mrs. W. B. Rogers has been sick with the measles for some time past but is now much better.

The Williams Bros. are taking an inventory of their stock preparitory to moving into their new store.

Henry Neil has bought the house and lot belonging to Peter Caine in this village. Consideration $500.

Mr. C. O. Foltz is getting the plan for his new house ready, and will start building as soon as the weather permits.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

Chamber suits, $13.50; chairs, $2.75 per set; parlor suits, $20.40; woven wire springs, $1.75; bedroom bureaus, $3.75, at J. C. James & Son.

Our sister on the north, Trevor, is somewhat afraid that there will a saloon locate within her borders. Well, this is the penalty for being prosperous.

The proprietors of the Ayer stock farm have issued their 1891 catalogue of blooded stock, which is very neatly gotten up and shows that a goodly number of fast horses are to be found at their farm.

About 20 new names have been added to our mail list within the past two weeks. Most people appreciate a paper that does its own thinking and is not afraid to say what it thinks, hence the success of the NEWS.

George W. Bell, the new wagon maker has a well selected stock of wagon and farm implement repairs on hand and is prepared to attend to the wants of the farmers in his line. Read his card in the NEWS and call and see him when your wagon or machinery needs repairing.

Miss Kittie Stevens closed a very successful term of school in the Emmons district on Saturday last.

Only about two weeks until the Spring elections and as yet there seems to be no well organized effort being made on the part of our people to select good men for the various town positions. The saloon element are busy at work on the supervisorship; what are our temperance folks doing?

Mr. Z. K. Jewett and wife, of Sparta, Wis., visited relatives and friends in this vicinity a few days the latter part of last week. Mr. Jewett is the proprietor of the Sparta Nurseries, so well and favorably known throughout this section of the country. Mrs. Jewett is a sister of Mr. E. Judd of this place.

Commencing next Tuesday evening, the Good Templars will hold an open session of Lodge once every two weeks, to which, all are cordially invited. All are, or should be, conversant with the workings of this great order, its aims and achievements, and for those who are not, no obstacle lies in the way of their becoming so.

A number of new cases of the grip are reported in town.

Go to M. A. Howard's for bronze powders.

The carpenter work on E. Richards new barn is about completed.

Wm. Ziegler was on the sick list during the fore part of the week.

Messrs. D. A. Williams and J. C. James Jr. were in Chicago on Tuesday.

C. B. Harrison and Son are prepared to grind feed on Thursday of each week in a first class manner and at reasonable rates.

Mr. J. K. Orvis of Silver Lake took in the dance on Tuesday evening and made ye editor a short call. He will start for school at Whitewater, Wis. in the course of a month or two.

Examine carefully Chinn & Burke's new sub-division and you certainly will find that there are no such bargains in village property to be found elsewhere. Their terms are made to suit all.

On Tues. of last week, at Wilmot Wis., occurred the wedding of Mr. Asa Little of Grass Lake to Mrs. Louisa Goodrich of Chicago. The NEWS joins with their large circle of friends in wishing them a happy journey through life together.

Walworth county exchanges tell of the meanest man on record. He sold his son-in-law one-half of a cow and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half. He also required his son-in-law to provide all the feed the cow consumed, and compelled him to carry water to her three times a day. Recently the cow hooked the old man and he is now sueing the son-in-law for damages—*Ex.*

Spring election, with its multitude of disappointments, will soon be upon us, and you can always tell a prospective candidate when you meet him on our streets, by his insisting upon giving you the best end of the sidewalk. After he is elected, should he be one of the lucky ones, he will probably do different, as he will then be too preoccupied to think of doing you such little favors.

In a private letter from Ward Little, of Farmington, Dakota, with remittance for the NEWS, among other things he says: "we have had a very fine winter; December and January being warm and pleasant like spring. February was a little more wintery. At one time the mercury ran 28 degrees below zero. Our snow came the last of February and fore part of March, and is more than we have had for two years, but is a welcome visitor as we need it to moisten the ground. There will be a large University built at Wahpeton this summer, J. Q. Adams of Chicago donating $10,000 for that purpose; other donations were made, but this is the largest."

A mistaken idea seems to prevail with many an otherwise thrifty farmer, that the less he does towards keeping up a good road the more money he saves. He may argue that the seldom time he is compelled to draw a load over the roads, when they are in their worst condition, does not justify him in expending money enough to keep them in good condition at all seasons of the year. This would be all right if the only benefit a farmer could possibly derive from good roads would be the greater ease with which he might draw a load over them by keeping them in good repair. But the benefits to be derived do not stop here by any means. Every dollar expended on the highway will add just that much more to the value of the property adjoining it. This is a fact that farmers oft times overlook.

The roads are in good condition—for boat riding.

Call and see us on all kinds of job printing.

T. C. Udell has started moving into his new house.

Mr. N. Pullen will move into his new building in Bock's addition during the present week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Robinson rejoice in the advent of a boy baby. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane, the latter a sister of Mrs. H. Dardis of this village, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Dardis.

Mrs. James French returned to her home in this village on Saturday last accompanied by an infant daughter.

Dont forget that you can get your election tickets printed in legal form and on an hours notice, at the NEWS office. Rates reasonable and work first class.

The dance at Rogers hall on Tuesday evening was not very largely attended owing to the bad condition of the roads, but all present seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

The Chicago papers say that the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. propose to at once build a cut-off line between Chicago and Lake Superior. It is understood the cut-off, should the plan carry through, will leave the main line of the Wis. Cent. at or near this place touching in its course Lake Geneva, and making nearly a straight line between Chicago and Ashland.

GRASS LAKE.

Miss Nettie Selter is sick with La grippe.

Mr. John Effinger talks of selling his farm and boarding house.

Mr. Schaffer is having his house in Ramakers sub-division painted.

Erva Paddock has arrived home from a two months visit in New York

Quite a number of Asa Little's neighbors called on him and his bride Tuesday night.

Mr. C. Hawkins will live on the Morley farm while building Mr. Needhams house.

Mr, Edd Lux and wife of Wadsworth spent a few days with Mr. C. Selter's family recently.

Charles Herman is having his resort enlarged. M. D. Olcott of Antioch is doing the carpenter work.

Our teacher, Miss Hattie Stratton, is quite sick with the measles, as is also two of her scholars, Nettie Little and Emma Soules.

Geo. Huber of Lake Villa has purchased a lot of Charles Herman and is having a house put up by Andrew Sherwood, of Lake Villa.

The report that we had scarlet fever in our neighborhood was untrue as nothing more nearly resembling that disease than "Dutch measles" has been found so far.

Frank Ramaker was up from Chicago last week where he has been detained on his homeward journey by the severe sickness of his little boy, Willie, who has got the scarlet fever. The child is now doing well and they hope to be able to start for Iowa some time this week.

MARRIED:—At Wilmot Wis., by Justice Owen, Mr. Asa Little, of Grass Lake to Mrs. Louisa Goodrich, of Chicago, Ill., Those present at the ceremony were Mr. C. Goodrich, a son of the bride and Miss Maggie McCastena, both of Chicago; and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Little and Barnard Yopp of Grass Lake. (Chicago *Tribune* please copy.)

C. B. Little had a "bee" Friday to draw lumber for his new house, and for the addition to Wm. Ramaker's hotel.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arriv at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2....*4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:50 P. M.	No. 4....†8:05 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:11 P. M.	No. 6....*11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:25 a. m.	No. 8.... 6:30 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.	No. 10.... 7:26 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.

† Trains do not stop for passengers.

Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent.

GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

John M. Orvis took a trip to Kenosha last Monday morning.

Charles Crittenden has taken the farm of Geo. Booth to work this year.

Geo. H. Booth went to Chicago last week and bought two car loads of nice sheep.

Our Vulcan has taken a young man by the name of Baker to learn the mysteries of a blacksmith shop.

Time flies, spring has tried to open but the weather still is cold, and has been stormy for some time.

Justin Orvis came home last Saturday from Lancasterville, Illinois, where he has been teaching school.

Nick Schumacher has sold a fine horse and buggy to Mr. Lamb, our enterprising merchant at Camp Lake.

Mrs. Wisler, sister of N. Schumacher and Mrs. Young, a sister-in-law from Ozaukee Co. Wis. are visiting here for a few days

Misses Cora Reynolds and Maude Stewart took in Burlington last Saturday and came home the same day. They had quite a cold ride.

Mr. Hammond of Michigan has been stopping with G. H. Booth for a few days, sick with La grippe. He was able to start for home last Saturday.

The democrats are talking of holding a caucus for the purpose of nominating town officers in the near future. Election comes off the first Tuesday in April.

D. C. Stewart had a fine ham, already smoked, taken from his smoke house last Saturday night. Somebody had better look "a little out," as there was too much snow on the ground to be safe.

Capt. John Tuttle came back to Trevor last week from Burlington, Vermont. He says the snow was only six feet deep and the thermometer but a little above zero there. He appears happy since his return.

STATE LINE ITEMS.

Mr. Henry Rector is still in sunny Kansas with his children.

George Hockney's horse that was so badly hurt by running away is getting along nicely.

J. Van'Duzer and family have all been on the sick list, but we are happy to state are all on the gain.

Mrs. A. C. Ozanne of Somers Station has been spending a few days with her brother B. R. Hoyseradt.

Mr. Sam Strahn was called to Dixon, Ill. to attend his brother Rob who is very sick with rheumatism.

Messrs Armour, Montague and others connected with the Merchants Union Ice Co. were up from Chicago and tarried over Sunday. They are still cutting and putting up ice.

Miss Carrie Hisert and Miss Minnie Hancock visited in Chicago last week and the former visited her sister in Homewood, Mrs. Fred Howe, *nee* Miss Dee Hisert.

Mrs. Ben Hoyseradt and Mrs. Farrier went to Chicago last week and spent two days with their niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Penberthy *nee* Mollie Farrier of Minominee, Mich. We understand Mr. Penberthy was on his way to Salt Lake City in search of health, and if suited with the climate will doubtless locate there.

X.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Ozanne of Somers, Wis., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hoyseradt.

J. J. Staley is whiling away a few days in Chicago.

Bessie Wilbur took in Kenosha the fore part of the week.

Ed Coulman and C. Marsh made a flying visit to Burlington Thursday.

A. H. Kruckman was in Chicago Wednesday, laying in a large stock of spring goods.

S. O. Marsh departed for Erie, Penn. Tuesday morning to be absent about three weeks.

Dr. Darby has purchased the Arnold place and intends to erect a fine house on the premises in the near future.

Rev. E. O. Taylor, District lecturer I. O. G. T. of Lake Geneva attended a session of that order here Thursday evening.

A grand dramatic entertainment will be given by the members of Wilmot Lodge I. O. G. T. in the Congregational church in Wilmot Saturday evening March 21st. The entertainment will consist of a five act temperance drama entitled "The Sparkling Cup" and a laughable farce, "The Two Peddifoots."

GUESS WHO.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. L. E. Lamb took in Chicago. Tuesday.

Eedie Lamb is attending school in Chicago,

Misses Kittie McGinty and Susie Hayward are at their former places.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Welch spent last week with relatives here.

Among the sick are Pat Gallagher Sr. Henry Yaw, Chas. Phillips and John Gallagher.

Miss Maggie Enzenbacher returned to the city Monday after an extended visit to friends here.

Dan Phillips was tendered a surprise Monday of last week in honor of his twenty fourth birthday.

INCORPORATION.

Uncle Tom, ex-Justice, differs in opinion with ex-Justice Haynes as to the four years limitation before we can call another election. Uncle Tom has referred the question in dispute to States Attorney Heydecker. The letter received from said States Attorney Heydecker is left with Editor Burke. The substance of the letter reads:

Thomas Wilton Esq., Antioch, Ill.

Dear Sir,

Your question as to how frequent the question of village organization can be submitted, has received such consideration as my busy time will admit, and I find no limitation in the statute thereto any farther than providing the required number of petitioners within the designated territory. If Mr. Haynes has a statute stating four years as a limit I wish you would send No. of Sec. and chapter or date of session law.

Yours Resp., C. T. Heydecker.

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

IN THE SAN JUAN VALLEY.

The first settlement made in what is now Colorado was in the year 1858 by miners seeking gold, and little by little the untold wealth of these Rocky Mountains was discovered and made known to man. It is not my purpose at this writing to speak of the Pikes Peak craze or the rich mines at and about Aspen or Leadville, but if you will open your atlas to the map of the State of Colorado and trace the boundary line between the State of Colorado and the Territory of New Mexico in a westerly direction you will observe at a point between Antonio and Cumbres, a place called Osier just beyond the Toltec Gorge, and front thence in a northwesterly direction you will notice the general direction of the axis of a system of mountains called the San Juan (pronounced Sahn Wahn) mountains. Lying southwest of this system is the beautiful San Juan valley.

The many rivers gracefully wending their way southward are all tributaries to the magnificent San Juan river flowing through northwest New Mexico, each marking the site of a fertile and picturesque valley. Upon the banks of one of these streams Durango is located, which particular location will be the theme of my present communication.

The name of the river upon which the city stands is Rio De Las Animas Perdidas, which being translated from the Spanish into our United States language means "the river of lost souls." History and tradition are alike silent as to how this river obtained its name. But notwithstanding its doleful appellation it is a bright sparkling stream, rapid in its course and noisy by its rushing against and around and over rocks which more or less obstruct its course. So much for the river.

I was greatly surprised to find a city of such proportions and importance. For here among the mountains, whose lofty peaks tower far into the heavens, are structures of brick and stone four stories high which would grace any eastern city of 30,000 population, and the rush of the city water through the pipes can be heard, the electric light glares brightly and the jingling of the bells of the street cars mingle not inharmoniously with the rumble and rush of traffic belonging to a metropolitan city.

Within a radius of 100 miles about Durango are grassy table lands, wonderfully fertile valleys and mountains rich in ores. Durango stands at an elevation of 6545 feet above sea level, and looking in a north easterly direction is Red Mountain 12000 feet high, and nearly due east rises Boulder Mountain 13118 feet, while just beyond the snowy summit of Hurricane Peak can be plainly discerned lifting its white capped head 13565 feet skyward, while Lookout due north stands preeminent among the group and reaches an altitude of 13700 feet. The highest producing mine in the world is the North Star on King Soloman Mountain a few miles to the northward.

I was informed by mine host of Hotel Stration that one thousand tourists passed through last season and stopped over night at Durango, who were taking the circle trip, and that there were about 150,000 head of cattle grazing on the ranches tributary to Durango.

I will tell you something about the mines and smelters of this place and my visit to the homes of the Cliff Dwellers in my next.

Mrs. L. S. C.

A BOOK TO BUY.—Webster's International Dictionary. This new book is the authentic "Unabridged" thoroughly revised and enlarged under the supervision of NOAH PORTER, D. D., L. L. D., of Yale University. Editorial work on the revision has been in active progress for over ten years, and more than a hundred paid literary workers have been engaged upon it. The sum expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed exceeded $300,000. This work, well used in a family, will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

A woman suffrage bill has passed the California Senate.

J. W. Foster and J. G. Blaine, Jr., have gone to Spain to negotiate a reciprocity treaty as to Cuba.

Gladstone has prepared his political program and will support home rule for Ireland.

H. P. McKnight, an attorney at Bowling Green, Ohio, has been found guilty of obtaining $2,600 under false pretenses.

Thomas Moore, aged 70, of Franklin, N. C., murdered his wife, aged 68.

The present board of managers of the Pennsylvania railroad were renominated for another year.

The noted bandit, Guerdo Nevramont, who some time ago entered a jewelry store in Chihuahua, killed the proprietor, and robbed the store of a large quantity of diamonds and gold and silver articles, has been captured.

William Mullen, alias "Punch" Mason, was convicted in the United States Court at Grand Rapids, Mich., on the charge of trying to bribe a postoffice official. Mullen is a member of the Brocky Morton gang of green goods men in New York.

The Inter-State Commerce commission announce that it will probably issue a call for a meeting of railroad interests and shippers to discuss the question of a uniform bill of lading.

William T. Cundiff of Texas, obtained a judgment in the Federal court at Louisville yesterday for $10,000 damages for false imprisonment.

The Penobscot Central railway is the name of a new road to be built which will give the Candian Pacific an independent outlet to the sea through the State of Maine.

The Lambert & Bishop Wire Fence company of Joliet has decided to enlarge its business and increase its capital stock to $500,000.

Fifteen employes of the Charles B. Miller factory at Shoemakersville, Pa., were overcome by gas, but all were resuscitated.

The board of appraisers at New York has decided that section 318 of the McKinley bill is wrongly punctuated.

A son of John Wigginton, aged 10 years, has confessed that he and a brother, obeying their father's instructions, poisoned William Ferguson, his son-in-law, R. C. Watts, and his granddaughter, Miss Boyd, at Mount Sterling, Ky., recently by putting arsenic in the coffee. The two families quarreled over $17. Wigginton and four sons are under arrest.

Freezing weather in Texas is believed to have materially damaged fruit trees. Severe weather also prevails in Arkansas.

At Centralia, Ill., the Democrats of the Third Judicial circuit nominated D. R. Burroughs of Madison county: A. S. Wilderman, of St. Clair county, and George W. Wall of Perry county.

Maggie Le Plant, a domestic at Columbus, Ind., was chloroformed and robbed by a man secreted in her room.

Experiments at the Wisconsin Agricultural Station show that from two to three and one-half tons of sugar per acre can be produced from sugar beets.

The City of Detroit, the first boat of the season, has passed Colchester, from Detroit to Cleveland.

Gen. John W. Fuller died at Toledo, Ohio.

A mail car and contents was burned in a wreck at Bethpage, Tenn.

John Wilder, a noted desperado and illicit whisky dealer, was killed by a United States officer.

Mr. Warthall, of Mississippi, has written a letter stating that he will be a candidate for renomination to the United States Senate.

Confederate money has been passed off on immigrants in exchange for foreign coin at Baltimore.

Augusta, Ga., was in darkness Tuesday night, high water having interfered with the electric light and gas companies.

Sidney Lewis, the young fellow who some days ago shot and killed his father, Judge Lewis, in Hardin county, Kentucky, has been arrested in Hawkins county, Tennessee.

The family of George Potter, consisting of a wife and five children, were overcome by coal gas in their residence at Upham's Corner, Mass., last night. One son, aged about 20, is dead. The others are expected to recover.

At Carthage, Tenn., Ed Turner (white) struck a daughter of Thomas McClane (colored) with a stone and killed her instantly.

Gov. Hill has commuted the sentence of Frank Fish, who was convicted of murder in Ontario county in May last, to imprisonment for life.

Fire destroyed the Burt building, and gutted the Dental manufacturing building at Buffalo, N. Y., causing a total loss of $225,000, nearly covered by insurance. Klinkert's brewery at Ireine, Wis., was damaged $6,000, on which there was $1,000 insurance.

Severe snow and sleet storms are reported from Texas and Arkansas.

Nicholas Vincent was burned to death in his cobbler shop at Cincinnati.

Assistant Postmaster Williams of Anaconda, Mont., has been arrested for embezzlement.

Marion Smith, aged 21 years, has been arrested at Fort Smith, Ark., for bigamy. It is alleged he has eight wives.

B. C. Well's jewelry house at Fort Worth, Tex., was robbed of diamonds and watches to the value of $1,500.

Mrs. Caroline Riggs of New Haven, Conn., rose from her bed Sunday night while in a somnambulistic state and drowned herself.

Maj. Vanvhet, formerly of the Tenth Cavalry, was thrown from a wagon at Hooker's Ranch, Ariz., and died from internal injuries.

At Dickson, Tenn., Charles Street and John Manning quarreled over a nickel. Street stabbed Manning in the groin and neck, inflicting perhaps fatal injuries.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector Silas R. Robinson of Fort Smith, Ark., and Deputy United States Marshal G. S. White and Paden Tolbert have arrested six moonshiners fifty miles north of Clarksville, Ark., in the Ozarks.

Secretary of War Proctor will inspect all the western military posts.

A dispute between the Clothiers' exchange and the Cutters' union at Rochester, N. Y., will throw 18,000 persons out of work.

A man giving his name as Charles J. Edwards killed himself in Toledo after telling a priest that he had come to the city to kill some one.

Mrs. Frank Leslie will devote her fortune of $600,000 to an institute for the higher education of women.

The duke of Marlborough has purchased several valuable American trotting horses, and will introduce the breed in England.

Lou Johnson, an engineer of Lima, Ohio, was burned to death by an explosion of natural gas as he attempted to light the gas under the boilers.

Mrs. David King of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was fatally injured and Mrs. Rev. Monteith severely bruised by being trampled on by a runaway team.

Col. Israel Underwood, one of the spectators shot in the recent sensational street tragedy in Columbus, Ohio, has died.

A two-days' conference of the Young Men's Christian association of the Bloomington (Ill.) district closed at Fairbury, Ill.

As a result of heavy rains the Tennessee river is at the danger line— thirty-three feet—and is expected to reach forty-five. The stream is rising steadily and rapidly.

MINISTER SWIFT IS DEAD.

The United States Representative in Japan Dies at Tokio.

Secretary Blaine received a message from Tokio, Japan, announcing the death of United States Minister John F. Swift.

John F. Swift of California was a learned and affable man of trigat wit and conversational powers, and a successful author. He had traveled nearly all over the world and possessed a fund of information of places and people. He was well versed in Oriental diplomatic matters, having been one of the negotiators of the treaty with China in 1880 kown as the Swift, Angell, and Trescott treaty. He was a native of Missouri, but went to California in early days. He was an old friend of the President.



JOHN F. SWIFT.

WERE ABOUT TO LYNCH HIM.

An Ex-Convict Has a Narrow Escape at Grand Rapids.

Harry McDowell of Grand Rapids, Mich., was pardoned from prison by Gov. Luce just before the latter's term expired last December. McDowell had served six of his fifteen years on a sentence following a conviction for manslaughter for the killing of the daughter of Dr. Sowdry of Howard City. McDowell enticed the girl, a beautiful blonde, to this city under promise of marriage. The girl died in February, 1884, from effects of a criminal operation. This morning McDowell visited Howard City. He was recognized, and in a short time a large number of indignant citizens gathered in force and notified him to quit town at once. He refused, whereupon the crowd made a rush for him and dragged him in the direction of the river. A man procured a rope and declared he would hang him to the nearest tree. McDowell pleaded for mercy, and the cooler element of the riot held the turbulent ones in check until a train approached, when McDowell was allowed to escape.

BISMARCK IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Germany's Deposed Prime Minister May Seek the Reichstag.

Bismarck's presence in the German Reichstag is confidently anticipated. The London Times frankly advised the Prince in a recent article to enter the Reichstag if he wished to express his opinion plainly on affairs of state instead of using the columns of newspapers which he is supposed to control, but for whose utterances he does not assume open responsibility. The Prince, it is said, now seriously considers the acceptance of the latest offer made to him, for Geestemunde, in Hanover, and it is expected that he will accept it. The Bismarckian policy is evidently regaining something of its strength in Germany and the Prince could not enter the Reichstag at a more favorable time for himself.

It is expected that 15,000 Irishmen will be in line in the St. Patrick's day parade in Chicago.

Can't Get Their Commissions.

An Indianapolis telegram says: Gov. Hovey having refused to issue commissions to the trustees of State institutions and officers elected by the late Legislature, they are proceeding to serve as best they can without the executive's official sanction. They are organizing and expect to get money from the Auditor and Treasurer of State without trouble. The Governor will take the initiative step toward determining whether or not these officers are elected in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. To do this he will bring an action against them in the name of the State, and an effort will be made to get as speedy a decision as possible.

Big Contracts for Milk.

The Illinois Condensing company for its factories at Elgin, and at Carpentersville, Illinois, contracted for milk for the six months beginning April 1, paying two and one-half cents a quart for April and September, one and three-quarters for May, two cents for July, and two and one quarter for August. The Elgin Condensing company pays one-quarter of a cent more for May and the same less for September, making the same average, eight and one-third cents a gallon. The three factories contracted for 110,000 quarts per day.

Named in Honor of Gen. Crook.

A Washington special says: The memory of the distinguished Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, has been further honored by the promulgation of a general order from the War Department designating the new military post at Omaha, Neb., Fort Crook. This is in accordance with a provision in the recent Sundry Civil act limiting the cost for the construction of the post to $300,000 and requiring it to be so named. This is the first time for many years that Congress has named a post; this is a matter usually left to the President.

The Miners Were Starving.

A Rendville, Ohio, special says: The miners here have been out of work for weeks and their families are suffering for food. Monday fifty men in broad daylight broke open a warehouse and took thirty barrels of flour and 100 pounds of meat.

Ground Under the Wheels.

Dan Sullivan, foreman of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern road, while attempting to board a freight train switching in the yards at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, fell between the cars and was ground to pieces, death resulting instantly.

LYNCH LAW.

A MOB'S BLOODY WORK.

CHIEF HENNESSY'S MURDER FRIGHTFULLY AVENGED.

Lynchers Break Into the Parish Prison at New Orleans and Shoot Eleven Mafia Suspects.

After Being Shot the Victims Are Strung Up in the French Quarter of the City.

The Acquittal of the Accused Stirs Up the People of the Crescent City.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 14.—A mob broke into the jail where the Italian murderers of Chief Hennessy were confined Saturday morning and hanged and shot the prisoners.

A crowd of several thousand men collected around the Clay statue, where addresses were made protesting against the verdict in the Hennessey case. They afterward made their way to the parish prison with the object of taking out and lynching the Italians charged with the assassination of the late chief of police and were acquitted. The gun stores in Charles and Royal streets were broken into and sacked by the mob.

The mob forced an entrance to the prison and shot Scaffedi, Macheka, Matranga, Politz, Bagnetto, Monnestero, and Marchesi. Scaffedi and Politz were afterward hung at the corner of St. Anne and Liberty streets. Bagnetto was hung in Orleans street, near Liberty.

Sergeant Heveron of the police, dressed as a citizen, who was assisting the lynchers, received a stray shot in the neck. The nature of the wound is not yet known.

The mob first approached the front door of the prison, but found it held by the sheriff. The leaders made speeches saying that they did not want to hurt the officials. Then the rioters repaired to the back door, where the police offered only slight resistance and an entrance was made. The next thing heard was firing within. The mob was quiet and undemonstrative throughout. No masks were used.

After completing its work of vengeance on the Italians the mob marched to Canal street and disbanded. Another mass-meeting will be held at Clay Circle to decide what shall be done with O'Malley, the private detective who is accused of bribing the jury.

The names of the victims are:
ANTONIO SCAFFEDI,
JOSEPH MACHECA,
PIETRO MONASTERO,
JAMES CARUSO,
ROCCO GERACI,
FRANK ROMERO,
ANTONIO MARCHESI,
CHARLES TRAHINA,
LORETTO COMITEZ,
ANTONIO BAGNETTO,
MANUEL POLITZ.

INSIDE THE JAIL.

Chased Into the Corners and Shot Down Like Dogs.

When the mob broke into the jail yard the Mafia prisoners darted towards the Orleans side of the gallery and crouched down beside the cells their faces blanched, and being unarmed they were absolutely defenseless. In fear and trembling they screamed for mercy, but the avengers were merciless. Bang! bang! bang! rang out the reports of the murderous weapons and a deadly rain of bullets poured into the crouching figures.

Geraci, the closest man, was struck in the back of the head and his body pitched forward and lay immovable on the stone pavement.

Romero fell to his knees with his face in his hands, and in that position was shot to death.

Monastero and James Caruso fell together under the fire of half a dozen guns, the leaden pellets entering their bodies and heads, and the blood gushing from the wounds.

The bloody executioners did their work well, and beneath the continuing fire Comitez and Trahina, two of the men who had not been tried, but who were charged jointly with the other accused, fell together. Their bodies were literally riddled with bullets, and they were stone dead almost before the fusillade was over. When the group of assassins was discovered on the gallery Macheca, Scaffedi, and old man Marchesi separated from the other six and ran up-stairs.

Thither half a dozen followed them, and as the terror-stricken assassins ran into cells they were slain. Jo Macheca, who was charged with being the arch-conspirator, was a short, fat man, and was summarily dealt with. He had his back turned when a shot struck him immediately behind the ear, and his death was instantaneous.

Scaffedi, one of the most villainous of the assassins, dropped like a log when a bullet hit him in the eye.

Old man Marchesi was the only one who was not killed outright. He was struck on the top of the head while he stood beside Macheca, and though he was mortally wounded he lingered all the afternoon.

Politz, the crazy man, was locked up in a cell up-stairs. The doors were flung open, and one of the avengers, taking aim fired and shot him through the body. He was not killed outright, and in order to satisfy the people on the outside, who were crazy to know what was going on within, he was dragged down the stairs and through the doorway by which the crowd had entered. Half carried, half dragged, he was carried to the corner. A rope was procured and tied around his neck and the people pulled him up to the crossbars. Not satisfied that he was dead, a score of men took aim and fired a volley of shots into his body, and for several hours the body was left dangling in the air.

Bagnetto was caught in the first rush up stairs, and the first volley of bullets pierced his brain. From the limb of a tree his body was suspended, although life was already gone.

Just as soon as the bloody work was done Mr. Parkerson, a prominent citizen and leader of the mob addressed the crowd and asked them to disperse. This they consented to do with a ringing shout, but first they made a rush for Parkerson, and, lifting him bodily, supported him on their shoulders while they marched up the street. The avengers came back in a body to the Clay statue, and then departed. Immense crowds rushed from all directions to the neighborhood of the tragedy, while the streets in front of the newspaper offices were blocked with people anxious to see the latest bulletin.

There was intense but suppressed excitement, and from one end of the city to the other the action of the citizens was applauded. O'Malley, the detective who would have shared the fate of the assassins if he had been caught, has disappeared and is not expected to return, and numbers of the jury are in hiding.

HAVE A ROPE FOR O'MALLEY.

The New Orleans Mob Likely to Lynch the Alleged Jury Fixer.

NEW ORLEANS, March 16.—Jacob M. Seligman, foreman of the jury, has fled to Cincinnati. He was terror-stricken when arrested to save his life from an infuriated assemblage of citizens. As no charge has been preferred against him he was released and guarded by several friends. He boarded the Queen and Crescent train and left the city. The six jurors who are known to have stood out for an acquittal of all the Italians do not dare to leave their homes, and the others are more or less ostracized by the community.

D. C. O'Malley, the private detective who fixed the jurors, is now being tracked. He has been in hiding since yesterday morning and his exact location is not known. The vigilance committee have pledged themselves to rid the town of O'Malley, and if he remains he will certainly be lynched.

The survivors of the original party of nineteen indicted for the assassination, eight in number, met in the Orleans cell, congratulated themselves over their escape, shook hands with the reporters, and talked about the scenes of Saturday. All of them claimed they were innocent of any connection with the Hennessy assassination and believed they would have been spared even if they had been found by the crowd, which was the case with Pietzo, Sunzeri, and Natali. However, they were afraid to trust themselves to the fury of the mob which had gone beyond the intention of the leaders.

Charles Matrango, the wealthy stevedore and principal man among the survivors, says he hid under a mattress during the shooting, pressed a crucifix to his lips, kissed it three times, and asked God if he was innocent, to protect him from the lynchers. He attributes his escape, therefore, to Divine interposition, and cites that as the proof of his innocence.

CHIEF HENNESSY'S MURDER.

The Events That Led to the Mob's Bloody Work.

The murder of Chief Hennessy occurred at 11:25 o'clock on the night of October 15. The trial began February 16 in Sec. B of the Criminal court and ended Friday afternoon, the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty as to six of the accused, and failed to agree upon a verdict as to the other three. When the jury handed in their verdict Judge Baker looked at it for some minutes before he handed it over to Minute Clerk Seriven. There was apprehensive silence while these preliminaries were going on. The prisoners stood up and there was a look of infinite woe pictured on the faces of Macheka and some of the others. Matranga and Incardona were disinterested. They knew they had been saved, and their only interest in the matter was to see that their friends or partners escaped the fate which had threatened them.

The court attaches apprehended a verdict against the accused, and so Sheriff Villere had his men stationed immediately in the rear of the prisoners to nip in the bud any demonstrations. As the verdict was read each person in the court room turned to the person next to him and there was an audible expression of surprise and dissatisfaction. The deputies, however, immediately suppressed the noise, and Judge Baker ordered the jury discharged and the prisoners remanded, as there was still another charge against them in connection with the same case.

The indignation over the verdict was general. A call signed by 100 citizens was issued asking for men to come together prepared to do what justice had failed to do. The murderous mob was the result of this call. The feeling of the public was aggravated by the fact that all the Italian schooners and luggers in port are decorated with flags in honor of the verdict.

REBUKED BY MR. BLAINE.

The Head of the State Department Sends a Dispatch to Gov. Nicholls.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Secretary Blaine last night sent the following telegram to Gov. Nicholls at New Orleans:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, March 16.—His Excellency Francis T. Nicholls, Governor of Louisiana, New Orleans: It has been represented to the President by the Minister of Italy accredited to this Government, that among the victims of the deplorable massacre which took place in the city of New Orleans were three or four subjects of the King of Italy. Our treaty with that friendly Government (which under the Constitution is the supreme law of the land) guarantees to the Italian subjects domiciled in the United States "the most constant protection and security for their persons and property," making them amenable on the same basis as our own citizens to the laws of the United States and of the several States in their due and orderly administration.

The President deeply regrets that the citizens of New Orleans should have so disparaged the purity and adequacy of their own judicial tribunals as to transfer to the passionate judgment of a mob a question that should have been adjudged dispassionately and settled by rules of law. The government of the United States must give to the subjects of friendly powers that security which it demands for our own citizens when temporarily under a foreign jurisdiction.

It is the hope of the President that you will cooperate with him in maintaining the obligations of the United States toward Italian subjects who may be within the perils of the present excitement, that further bloodshed and violence may be prevented and all offenders against the law may be promptly brought to justice.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Majority for the Waupaca Measure

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 16.—The managers of the Democratic party, headed by Edward C. Wall, met an overwhelming defeat to-day in the Legislature at Madison. It was their first defeat, but it was a decisive one. The Waupaca home bill was passed, and by so large a majority that it leaves no doubt as to popular sentiment. It is now claimed by the vanquished ones that Gov. Peck will veto the measure, but this is deemed highly improbable in the face of to-day's ballot.

PALMER WINS THE PRIZE.

ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.

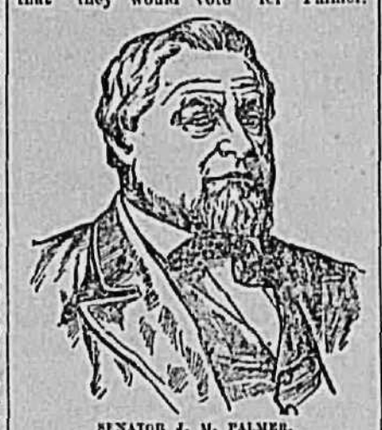
Two Farmer Members Vote for Him and the Long Deadlock is Broken, Amid Scenes of Wild Excitement.

The Republicans Offered to Give Dr. Moore Their Full Vote, But He Declined to Accept the Offer.

Taubeneck Voted for Streeter, and at the Announcement of the Result Burst Into Tears.

The Republicans Give Cicero J. Lindley 100 Votes on the Last Ballot —A Memorable Contest.

SPRINGFIED, Ill., March 12.—Gen. John M. Palmer was elected United States Senator yesterday. This result was generally expected owing to the announcement of "Farmers" Moore and Cockrell Tuesday that they would vote for Palmer.



SENATOR J. M. PALMER.

The galleries were crowded with spectators who came to witness the close of the great contest. The hall was a scene of wild confusion when the vote was cast that decided the long-fought contest. The Democrats cheered until the roof cracked, embraced each other, and danced in glee.

Early in the morning the Republicans held a caucus and discussed the advisability of giving Taubeneck or Moore 100 votes in order to place the farmers in an awkward position, or, in the event of defeat, going down with a unanimous party vote for Richard Oglesby. It was finally resolved to leave everything in the hands of the steering committee.

This committee a short time before the meeting of the joint Assembly summoned Dr. Moore before them and told him they were prepared to give him 100 votes on the joint ballot. With apparent victory in sight, Representative Moore did what few men would have done under the circumstances.

"I regret to be obliged to disappoint you, gentlemen," he said, "But your offer comes too late. After waiting eight weeks in vain for Republican support, Cockrell and myself have decided to give our votes to General Palmer, and have affixed our signatures to an address to that effect. I appreciate your kindness, and I appreciate that the great majority of your party has always been sincere, but honor now points out to me but one line, to cast my vote to-day for John M. Palmer in accordance with my pledge. I thank you for the honor which you extend, and assure you of my best wishes for you all."

When the Joint Assembly convened the Republican steering committee had ordered their members not to answer the preliminary roll-call. Senator Evans, however, disregarded the committee's injunction and answered "Here," when his name was called. On the roll-call of the House, both Cockrell and Moore answered "Here" and were loudly applauded by the Democrats and visitors in the galleries. On Taubeneck's failure to answer to his name, there was a slight ripple of applause on the Republican side, which was quickly suppressed by the steering committee.

Representative Taubeneck, when his name was called, voted for A. J. Streeter, the nominee of the F. M. B. A. party, and dropping to his seat burst into tears.

His sincere sorrow no one doubted, and cheer after cheer from the Republican side rewarded his loyalty to his party nominee.

The verification of the roll showed every Republican voting for Lindley, every Democrat for Palmer, Moore and Cockrell for Palmer, and Taubeneck for Streeter.

"On this, the 154th ballot," said Speaker Crafts, "the whole number of votes cast is 204. Necessary to a choice 103, of which John M. Palmer has received 103 votes. [Democratic cheers.] A. J. Streeter 1 vote, and Cicero J. Lindley 100 votes, and I hereby declare John M. Palmer duly elected United States Senator to represent the State of Illinois in the Congress of the United States."

Gen. Palmer Appears.

Gen. Palmer appeared by the side of the speaker and was greeted with great applause. Speaker Craft introduced him and he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the XXXVII general assembly: You ought scarcely expect me to speak at this time. I feel more like saying: 'Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness!' I thank you 201 members for vindicating the rights of the people by a plurality of votes which expressed the desire of the people to select me Senator and my election is historical. You men who have labored so long to elect your independent candidate also deserve my thanks.

My Republican friends, I thank you, too. You in this contest have represented the old method of electing a Senator. I thank you that the contest has been free from personalities. [Applause.] The occasion does not require a long speech."

The joint assembly then adjourned sine die.

North Carolina Gives $25,000.

The Legislature passed a bill appropriating $25,000 for North Carolina's exhibit at the world's fair. There was considerable haggling before this result was reached, the Senate having defeated this measure by a vote of 26 to 23. A motion was made to reconsider, which was carried, and North Carolina will now be represented at Chicago.

Hanged Herself and the Child.

Mrs. O. C. Hanson of Pelican Rapids, Minn., hanged herself and her year-old babe. No cause for the suicide is known.

A CENTURY OF INVENTION.

Centennial of the Founding of the Government Patent Office.

Washington City is soon going to have a patent centennial which may give some hint for the world's fair. Thousands of invitations have been sent to patentees all over the country. The number of inventors who have taken out patents in the last year have all been invited. In fact nearly every one living who has procured a patent or who is interested in inventions has been notified of the proposed centennial celebration. The celebration is to be in two district parts. There is to be a series of public meetings April 8, 9, and 10, which are to be addressed by some of the best talent in the country. Then April 10, which is the centennial of the granting of the first patent to an American inventor under the United States Government, there is to be an excursion to the home of Washington at Mount Vernon with appropriate exercises. The various departments of the Government will take part in the celebration and give it a semi-official standing. While the prime object of this centennial celebration is to properly memorialize the completion of a century of American invention, other matters of interest will grow out of it. The needs of the patent office will be brought home to the many thousands of inventors and patentees with a force that, it is hoped, will have its effect on future Congresses in enlarging the facilities of the office. These matters will be impressed on those who attend the celebration, and it is hoped that a concerted effort will be brought to bear upon the representatives in Congress from all districts in the United States to pass laws to facilitate the operations of this bureau. It is also proposed to organize a permanent National association of inventors and manufacturers of patented articles for the improvement of the American patent system.

TRIED TO TAKE THE DRESS OFF.

A Woman Lays Claim to a Garment Worn by a Girl in Court.

Grace Vance, a pretty girl, was sentenced at Buffalo, to five years in the Woman's House of Refuge. A Mrs. Thomas charged the girl with being a common thief, and Grace acknowledged her guilt. A very interesting scene took place in the court room when Mrs. Thomas seized the dress that Grace wore and insisted upon taking possession of her property then and there. A pitched battle followed, in which the district attorney took part. Finally the irate Mrs. Thomas was pacified and to the infinite relief of the court the prisoner was led away.

CHILI'S PRESIDENT KILLED.

Rumors That President Balmaceda Has Fallen a Victim to Assassins.

London cablegram: There are rumors that information has been received at



PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

Hamburg by private cablegrams from Chili to the effect that President Balmaceda has been murdered.

Two Suicides at Adrian, Mich.

Jarius H. Slayton, for twenty-five years a prosperous merchant at Tecumseh, hanged himself in his store. Despondency over the death of his wife was the cause. A sister-in-law of Gen. George Spalding of Monroe left the side of her sleeping husband early in the morning, partially dressed herself, and then jumped from a bridge over the Raisin at Petersburg. The remains were found in midstream lodged in a tree top. Temporary aberration is the supposed cause.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

BEEVES—Extra 1,500@1,800 lbs	$ 5.65@	5.80
Good to fancy steers	5.00@	5.60
Poor to medium "	3.70@	4.50
Cows	1.25@	3.50
Veal calves	3.50@	6.00
MILCH COWS—per head	20.00@	40.00
HOGS—Mixed	3.40@	3.70
SHEEP—Native	3.75@	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.9 @	1.00
CORN—No. 2	.60@	.61
OATS—No. 2	.51@	.53
POTATOES—per bushel	.90@	1.10
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed per lb	.09@	.11
Ducks, dressed, per lb	.12@	.13
Turkeys, dressed, per lb	.13@	.14
BUTTER—Choice creamery	.30@	.35
Ladles	.06@	.10
CHEESE—Full cream	.11@	.12
Off grades	.04@	.07
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	.16@	.17

St. Louis.

BEEVES—Choice natives	$ 4.50@	5.50
HOGS—Choice	3.40@	3.50
SHEEP	4.00@	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.98@	.99
CORN—No. 2	.58@	.59
OATS	.51@	.52

Milwaukee.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$ 1.00@	1.01
CORN	.58@	.59
OATS	.50@	.51

Detroit.

WHEAT, No. 2 Red	$ 1.01@	1.03
CORN	.59@	.60
OATS	.50@	.51

Kansas City.

BEEVES—Grain and corn-fed	$ 3.75@	3.85
STEERS—Grass range	1.40@	2.80
HOGS	3.25@	3.75
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.97@	.98
CORN—No. 2	.51@	.53
OATS—No. 2	.48@	.49

Close Call for Passengers.

An extra freight-train on the Flint & Pere Marquette railway crashed into an express-train at Birch Run Station, a few miles south of Saginaw, Mich., wrecking the Pullman sleeper from Chicago and seriously injuring E. E. Sumner of Kansas City. The other passengers escaped uninjured. The engineer of the freight-train was running in disobedience to orders.

Advance in the Price of Alcohol.

The Western Distillers and Cattle Feeders' association of Peoria, Ill., has advanced the price of alcohol 2 cents and that of spirits 1 cent a gallon.

FOR THE LADIES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST OF AND FOR THE FEMININE SEX.

Brilliant Wives and Stupid Husbands—Choosing the Better Part—Filthy Points, Etc., Etc.

Matrimony cannot change human character, and when two persons of essentially antagonistic natures are *unfortunately united in its bonds*, it is only by the exercise of mutual forbearance that they can hope to live together in peace *and amity*. Intellect, therefore, should never mate with imbecility, nor principle with immorality, nor purity with grossness. No good ever came of such unions, yet they take place every day. Passion blinds judgment in these cases, and when the love-lamp goes out and the ordinary daylight looks in, one of the parties at least is sure to stand aghast at the realities which it reveals.

The most foolish that a fool can do is to marry a highly gifted woman. His vanity—for all weak men are vain—is sure to take fire at the discovery, which will soon be forced upon him in spite of his stupidity, that his wife is his superior. If he is of a brutal nature, he will endeavor to shelter his natural inferiority behind his marital authority and taunt and torture the being who, by right of mind, if not by law, is his suzerain. If, on the contrary, he falls helplessly into the position of a dependent and submits quietly to be guided and governed by the stronger nature to which he has allied himself, he will simply be pitied and despised. In either case he will have cause to regret that he married above his intellectual *degree; and the lady, that she stooped* to conquer.—N. Y. Ledger.

Choosing the Better Part.

Men have early learned the law of self-preservation. They specialize. They choose that pursuit and that recreation which best suit their natures and their needs. Does not the artist steadily refuse to be a merchant? Does not the broker refuse to paint floors? Does the historian expect to be equally learned in astronomy? Does the want of knowledge or experience in any business or study prevent appreciative and respecting intercourse between men?

Let a woman then realize that she cannot compass the universe. Let each woman quietly take account of her stock in trade, of her mental endowments, her capacity, and her strength, and from these let her select what is best for her to do and to be. Whatever is wisest for her home—that trinity of husband, children, and self—is her better part, which can never be synonymous with more pleasure, self-indulgence, or stagnation. Let her then resolutely turn her back upon all those ambitions foreign to *this purpose, for no thoughtful woman* will find her aims too narrow, even when she has restricted her interests *as much as possible*. Let her not be deceived into spasmotic efforts in other directions by other women whose aims are not like hers. Let her not attempt to reach for their successes, or look upon her own as insignificant or insufficient, for she will soon find in a wisely ordered, tranquilly lived life happiness and strength "which shall not be taken away."—Harper's Bazar.

What the Queen Drinks.

The tea consumed by the royal household in England is always bought at a quaint, old-fashioned shop in Pall Mall, and has been bought there during the reigns of Queen Victoria's five predecessors. It costs 5s. 4d. a pound, and was for a long while known as "Earl Grey's mixture," this nobleman having recommended this particular mixture to her majesty. When a dinner is given at Windsor or at Buckingham palace, fish to the extent *of £50 worth is ordered; but for* an ordinary family dinner three kinds of fish are put on the table, *whiting being almost invariably* one of them. A sirloin of beef is cooked every day and is put on the sideboard *cold for luncheon*. The Queen takes after her dinner one water biscuit and a piece of cheddar cheese; the Prince of Wales eats a bit of gorgonzola with a crust of home-made bread. The tea, the cheese, and the royal bed are always taken along whenever the Queen travels. Her Majesty's wine, which is well-known to be incomparable, is kept in the cellars of St. James' Palace, and is sent in basketfuls of three dozen to wherever she may be, this being done more for the household and guests than for herself, as when alone she drinks only very weak whisky and water with her meals by her physician's orders. At banquets, however, she takes two glasses of Burgundy. The clerk of the royal kitchens, who always carves, receives £700 per annum, the head chef the same salary, and the confectioners *£300* and *£250*. —N. Y. Tribune.

Both of One Mind.

Judge, "How is it, prisoner, when you broke into the house you stole an *empty* box of goods and overlooked the full ones?"

"Don't you blame me for that, your Honor, I've been scolded enough on account of it by my wife already."

From the German.

"Your ladyship made quite a conquest to-day," said the kitchen maid. "Did I? And with whom?' asked her mistress, graciously. "With my sweetheart. He saw you going out, and I tell you, a lady as suits him must be a lady.

A Bright Youngster.

"It does'nt pay to be kind to pets," said Johnny. "I filled the goldfish globe up with milk one day, and the fish all died."

Damaged by a Kiss.

A court in the staid old German Town of Gotha has been called upon to decide a novel question. A gentleman while playing cards with a party of friends in a beer-hall was assaulted by a pretty waiter-girl with malice *afore-thought and with a smacking* kiss upon his manly cheek. The matter was at first treated as a joke, but turned out to be a rather serious affair for the kissee, when his wife heard about it. His irate spouse would not believe that the kiss was an unprovoked affair, so far as her liege lord was concerned, and in order to vindicate himself he has brought a suit against the girl for damages on the ground that the kiss had injured his reputation for morality.

Faultless.

Belle—"Why didn't you marry Mr. Watson, Nell? We all know he asked you to." Nell—"O, I couldn't be happy with such a man as Mr. Watson." Belle—"With such a man as Mr. Watson! Why, Nell, what do you mean? They say he has absolutely no faults." Nell—"Yes, so I understand. That's just why I couldn't be happy with him."—Somerville Journal.

With Modern Improvements.

Dashaway—"Miss Summit, I would suggest that your younger brother be asked to leave the room, as I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

Miss Summit—"I am afraid he will have to stay, Mr. Dashaway. In affairs of this kind I find that Tommy's services as a shorthand writer are *absolutely indispensable*."

Divided Up.

Sweet Girl (with many admirers)—"I've been taken out sleigh-riding twenty-three times this winter."

Practical Father (meditatively)—"Twenty-three times? $230, if a cent. My dear, do you really think you are worth all that expenditure?"

Sweet Girl—"Oh, it wasn't much for each one, you know. There were *twenty-three of them*."—*Banner of* Light.

A Good Housekeeper.

"My wife has a saving disposition," said Hicks. "When we got our upright piano she made a red plush cover for it, so that the rosewood wouldn't get scratched. Then she covered that with a sort of linen duster arrangement, so as to save the plush. I tell you, women have great, big minds."—Harper's Bazar.

One Profession Safe.

First Worker (gloomily)—"Women are crowding into every department of industry and lowering our wages."

Second Worker—"I ain't afraid of 'em."

First Worker—"You're not? What are you?"

Second Worker—A cook."—New York Weekly.

What He Wanted.

"Can you cook?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Can you sew?"

"Yes."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"Yes."

"Will you be my wife?"

"No! What you evidently want is a hired girl."

A Lucky Lady.

A young married lady who moved into the country from a city home, considered keeping hens a pleasant *and profitable duty. One day a friend* inquired: "Are your hens good hens?" "Oh, yes," she replied in a delightful tone, "they haven't laid a bad egg yet."—Field and Farm.

Her Reason.

"Don't you think you would make more money and enjoy better health in doing house-work?" "Yes, I rather think I would," answered the "saleslady." "And yet your false pride——" "O, pride has nothing to do with it. I don't want to be bossed by a woman, that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Could Not Confound Her.

Clara—"Harry proposed to me last night and I accepted him." Helen (triumphantly)—"Why, he proposed to me last week and I refused him." Clara (coolly)—"Yes, I know it. He told me he did it just for practice. He knew you didn't care for him."—Boston Herald.

What He Wanted It For.

Tramp (after receiving a biscuit)—"Where is your woodpile, lady?"

Lady—"Out in the shed, sir. How kind of you to offer to split some wood."

Tramp—"I'm not going to split any wood. I want *to find an ax to split* this biscuit.

A Naive Servant.

Softhart—"Is Miss Triplight in?" Servant—"No, but she told me to tell you if you called that it was very kind of you." Softhart—"What did she mean?" Servant—"I suppose she meant that it was very kind of you to call when she was out."—Epoch.

Feline Preserves.

"Mamma," asked Benny Bloobumper," "why do you [illegible] cats?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I heard you tell Mrs. Garlick about putting catsup in bottles."—West Shore.

Sweet Music.

Mother—"But I can't conceal one thing from you. My daughter sits and sits at the piano for days at a time."

Would-be-Son-in-law—"That makes no difference so long as she doesn't play on it."

THE CAMP FIRE.

REVIVING SOME OF THE SCENES OF THE LATE REBELLION.

The Battles of the Future—One of the Queer Chances—Increase of Pay—Incidents.

In the battles of the future the air will be full of noise—sharp, crisp, rattling, bellowing detonations, coming from many quarters, deceiving the judgment, shaking the nerves of the timid, and possibly interfering with the condition necessary to catch quickly and clearly the words of command. Smoke volumes break and shut up sound, and in their absence there will be need of greater calmness, the strain on the mind will be more severe, the discipline required will have to be more rigid, the attention will have to be more concentrated, lest the far-distant should attract and disturb. All this will come with training, of which there will have to be a considerable amount, involving much waste of powder before our troops will be fit to *fight with an enemy using smokeless* gunpowder. Indeed, it will be for some time necessary to train the *soldier to engage* in the old as well as the new battle, with an enemy making a great smoke, as well as with an enemy making none at all. Accordingly, the new powder will not be all gain, and it will impose a good deal of extra work and anxiety.

It is by no means clear what the issue would be if two bodies of soldiers, equal in other respects, were using different forms of gunpowder. The advantages of quick firing and clear sight might not long be with the smokeless weapons, and in the thick of a melee, troops trained in the smokeless system might be somewhat bewildered. On the other hand, especially with artillery, massed or in detachment, and of fairly long range, the use of smokeless powder would undoubtedly be an advantage, not only as regards rapid and accurate firing, but as offering less aim to an enemy, obscured by his own smoke and with nothing but sound *to guide him. With armies* using smokeless powder, it may be that one of its early effects will be *to affect the color of the soldier's* dress, subduing it in tone, and so depriving the battle-field of another of its picturesque elements. Judging distances by colors will become a most important feature in military training, and more attention will be needed to perfect sight at such ranges as the different arms in use will carry. How this may affect a people afflicted with short sight will become a very grave question indeed, not wholly to be settled by the employment of artificial aid. Manœuvers will take place over larger areas before actual fighting begins, and something of an Indian's craft and natural keenness will be needed on the part of staff officers.—Army and Navy Journal.

One of the Queer Chances.

Every once in a while some war veteran, under proper circumstances and conditions, will tell you how he escaped death at such a place and such a time by the "queerest chance in the world." One of these "queerest chances in the world" fell to the lot of an old timer who lives in Germantown, and, in truth, it is one of the very queerest. He was about to leave for the seat of war in 1863, and the girl to whom he was engaged, among numerous other things, gave him a *chest protector made by her own* fair hands and wet by her tears. It was meant to be *practical and was of immense* thickness — that is, it was padded to the depth of an inch or two. During a long and tedious campaign in chilly weather, the soldier found it invaluable as a safeguard against colds, and wore it almost constantly. He had it on one morning when plunged into the heat of a hand-to-hand skirmish. The affair developed into quite a little battle, and soon the straggling fire on both sides had become rattling volleys. When it was over the soldier retired to his tent and removed his coat and shirt in order to stanch the flow of blood from a small flesh wound in his back. In removing the protector he felt a sharp pain shoot through his chest, and then he noticed that the protector was cut all up by the passage of a bullet. An investigation developed an awfully "queer chance." His sweetheart had accidentally left a needle sticking in the pad which he had never noticed before. This ran *right through the* cloth and a bullet had struck it on the point. The needle had been forced *back clear through a thick button on* his woolen undershirt and thence had gone a little distance into the skin. *The resistance of the button* had forced the soft lead of the bullet clear round the needle so that the bullet was fairly impaled on the slender wire. Thus was the life of the soldier saved, and through the carelessness of his beloved in leaving the needle in the protector.—Pa. Grit.

Increase of Pay.

An important bill affecting the efficiency of the army has been favorably reported to the House from the committee on *military affairs*. The bill is one designed to carry out in part the suggestions so cogently made *by the secretary of war in relation to* the pay of non-commissioned officers of the infantry, cavalry and artillery *branches of the army*. The bill provides practically a system of selection of sergeant-majors and regimental quartermaster sergeants of the non-commissioned staff and the first sergeants of companies of the line of the service, who are to receive the same pay as sergeants of engineers, which is about $32 a month, with the usual increase for length of service. The secretary in his report stated that while the pay of a second lieutenant is $116 a month, a first sergeant receives only $22 a month. The committee in a report express the opinion that a good first sergeant is quite as necessary to a company as a second *lieutenant and that his duties are* much more onerous. The committee also believes that the beneficial effects *of the proposed measure would at* once be felt throughout the army and would result in an abatement of discontent and listlessness, and a new "esprit de corps" would take possession of the non-commissioned officers of the army which would permeate the rank and file. Secretary Proctor, in endorsing the bill, says there can be no more important step taken for the improvement of the army than to make the position of the higher non-commissioned officers better worth seeking, thus attracting a better class of young men into the enlisted service. Army and Navy Register.

Good for the Vermonters.

R. R. George, Co. D, 5th Vt., having seen an article which said that the Sixth Corps was not the first to break the rebel lines near Petersburg, April 2, 1865, says on the night of April 1, which was as dark as pitch, the order came to fall in and march over the breastworks toward the picket-line. After reaching the picket they formed in line of battle and the Vermont Brigade was ordered to lie down. About 4 o'clock on the morning of April 2 a signal-gun was fired which bade them form for the first dance, the music to be furnished by the participants. They were ordered to pay no attention to the rebel picket, and not a gun was fired until they got to the abatis. The rebel picket did not see them until they got within 20 feet, it being so dark. While getting through the abatis the rebel main line opened on them with telling effect, and the solid flame from their breastworks lit up the country around so they could see where they were going. They charged and took the works, and the writer does not think there was any regiment ahead of his in that charge. The writer was slightly wounded in the breast and came near being bayoneted by the rebel, but a member *of his company brought his gun-barrel* down on the rebel's head, and the writer can hear the sound of that gunblow until this day. The fight did not last long at such close quarters, for some of the rebels threw up their hands, while others ran like racehorses. The brigade moved on until they reached the South Side Railroad, where they tore up the track. It was a glorious victory, and the Vermonters got there for certain.

Thrilled by Music.

The cry was "On to Richmond!" in the early spring of 1862, and the Army of the Potomac separated, says the New York Press. Some were sent to Fort Monroe and other points south. The German division went down through the Shenandoah, Sumner in command at first, then Fremont and *afterwards Sigel*. I was with the latter, and many and many a long and wearisome march we had. Finally one day we came to a branch of the Shenandoah. There was no pontoons, and we waded across, the water up to our shoulders. We kept marching along, our wet clothing catching and retaining the dust. We were just about getting dry when we struck the same river and waded it again, to our exceeding discomfort.

Later on the same day we were sickened with the sight of another turn of the river. The Thirty-ninth regiment, New York volunteers, were in advance when the order was given to wade across. They kicked and refused, and the rear coming up, a block ensued. A musician of the Thirty-ninth, an E flat cornet player, which was one of the jolliest men I ever knew, made a rush for the river, waded up until the water reached nearly to his armpits, and began playing an exquisite waltz.

The sight of that fellow playing under such circumstances was so comical that the *soldiers, forgetting all* discomforts, cheered him, and when he had finished followed him with a *rush, and the division camped on the* other side for the night.

A Story of Czar Nicholas.

Bismarck's latest story concerns Nicholas I. of Russia. The czar suffered from a disease that his physicians told him could be relieved only by a rubbing of the spine. Nicholas was anxious enough to try the prescription, for he was in great pain, but in all his court he had no one whom he would trust to give him the treatment. So eventually he sent a courier all the way to Berlin with a written request that Frederick William II. should send him five non-commissioned officers of the Guards to rub his back. The officers were sent, rubbed the *czar's back for a few weeks and were* then dismissed to Berlin with presents of $1,500 each. In speaking of the *matter to the Prussian king subse*quently, the czar said: "I trust my Russians as long as I can look them in the eye; but to let them go to work at my own back—that is more than I care to risk."

Grant, the American.

Every student of comparative history and biography should keep in mind how much the making of a man depends on the time in which he lives, says the Banner of Light.

To compare Grant with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington seems to be folly, for he was not similar to any one of them, any more than the period of time in which they existed resembles ours. Each epoch creates its own agents, and Gen. Grant more nearly impersonated the American character of 1861-65 than *any other living man. Therefore he* will stand as the typical hero of the great Civil War in America of the nineteenth century.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Several important changes in the Treasury department seem to have been decided upon by the President and Secretary Foster. The most important one is that of Gen. Rosecrans, the present register of the Treasury, who is a relic of the Cleveland administration. Gen. Rosecrans has always been an intense partisan. He went out of Congress on the advent of the Cleveland Administration and was at once appointed to his present position, which nets him $4,000 a year salary. He held this place all through that administration, and when November, 1888, decreed the success of Gen. Harrison the friends of Gen Rosecrans at once started a movement to put him on the retired list of the army. The bill was finally passed and he went on the retired list at the pay of about $1,500 *a year. Among those mentioned to* succeed him are Capt. Rowell of Illinois, Gen. E. S. Osborne of Pennsylvania, Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio, and Gen. Vandever of California, all members of the last House. All of these gentlemen have excellent records and would fill this position *exceptably. The other change that is to be* made is that of Chief Clerk Bracket, a personal appointment of the late secretary Col. Swords of Iowa is regarded as the probable successor to the chief clerkship.

Senator Palmer is getting plenty of advertising. For the time he has completely snuffed out the Presidential fight of Col. W. R. Morrison. The local papers are filled with the "poor boy" stories, reminiscences of his career and outspoken hints of his Presidential chances. Springer is responsible for most of the reminiscences, but the Presidential talk is spontaneous. Col. Morrison unbends enough to say that his rival is a Democrat, and therefore "Palmer is all right." The Star summarizes the situation as follows:

The Adjutant-General of the army has issued the following decision made by Secretary Proctor:

"In connection with an act of Congress *to authorize a retired list for privates and* non-commissioned officers of the United States army who have served for a period of thirty years or upward, approved Feb. 14, 1885, and under an act of Congress to amend the foregoing, approved Sept. 30, 1890, it is held:

"1. That the war of the rebellion began April 15, 1861.

"2. That 'war service' includes services rendered as a commissioned officer.

"3. That the war ended August 20, 1866, but entitled the applicant to double time for service after April 2, 1866; it must appear affirmatively that such service was rendered in the State of Texas."

DISASTROUS RAILROAD WRECK.

A Passenger Train Derailed and Destroyed by Fire—List of the Injured.

The "Red Express," from Chicago over the Santa Fe line for St. Louis, was wrecked about half a mile above the city limits of Havana, Ill. The wreck was caused by a broken rail. The cars were piled in a heap except the last, and taking fire were all consumed. Fireman Saddler was instantly killed. The injured are:

GEORGE BIRKENBEAR, *engineer, left leg* crushed below the knee, right arm cut and lower part crushed; cut and bruised.

BATESMAN, express messenger, had left *foot torn off at the ankle and badly bruised*

M. J. KENNEDY, conductor, head, face, and hands cut and bruised.

C. L. HUGHES, brakeman, head, face, legs, *and body cut and bruised and hand* scratched; not seriously hurt.

CHARLES MALONEY, passenger, Streator, Ill., right arm broken, back injured, body and face badly *burned and bruised*.

WALTER CONOVER, passenger, Manito, Ill., left arm torn off at the shoulder and severe internal injuries; probably fatal.

F. H. LEWIS, *passenger of Peoria, injury* to the left leg, face cut and bruised, no bones broken.

E. H. EMMETT, Peoria, head and face bruised *and burned, chest hurt and fingers badly* bruised, no bones broken.

MRS. THOMAS MARTIN, passenger, Denver, Col., head bruised and cut, right shoulder *and side scalded*.

All the injured except Lewis and Emmett, who are taken care of by friends here, have been taken to Jacksonville. The corpse of a Mrs. Woods, which was being taken from Chicago to Jacksonville, was partially consumed. The passengers *seriously injured were all in the smoker*.

FIRE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

Six Patients Burned Alive and Many Others Make Their Escape.

A fire broke out at the Central Insane Asylum, seven miles from Nashville, Tenn. It started in the rear of the male wing, which was destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown. There were twenty-eight patients in the wing and six of them were burned to death. The other patients were saved.

His Body Found in the River.

A Traer, Ia., telegram says: Two months ago Ralph Pierce, a young man of this place, became insane and was taken to a hospital in Ogden. Through carelessness of the manager he escaped, and for six weeks his mother has been carrying on a fruitless search for him. Yesterday a *telegram came stating the body of the* young man had been found in a river near Ogden.

Three Hundred Pirates Beheaded.

The steamship City of Peking arrived at San Francisco twenty-five days from Hong Kong and sixteen days from Yokohama. Three hundred Chinese pirates and robbers were beheaded in Kwantung Province *during the last few days of the old Chinese* year. The funeral of Prince San Jo, who died from influenza, was to have taken place on the 25th ult.

A Destructive Blaze.

On Monday night with a terrific explosion, which startled belated pedestrians and threw the guests of the Sherman House into a panic shortly before 1 o'clock the interior of the Hunniston, Keeling & Co.'s immense drug house, at Nos. 143-145 Lake street, was almost entirely wrecked.

Ten Cents to See the Gallows.

Great crowds flocked to the county jail at Decatur, Ill., when it became known that the sheriff was charging 10 cents for a sight of the gallows on which William H. Crawford is to be executed. *All were offered an opportunity to see* how the thing worked. The receipts were nearly $10. The exhibition is severely criticized.

Two Babies Cremated.

At West Milton, O., two little children—a boy and girl, aged four and six years—of William Brinkman were burned to death in the absence of their parents.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Andrew Goldberg, of Grantsburg, hanged himself.

Jacob Petri, a farmer, hanged himself near New Cassel.

Oshkosh is figuring on the cost of a police *patrol alarm system*.

The bill appropriating $20,000 for the Milwaukee Soldiers' Home was killed.

Oconto capitalists are considering the feasibility of establishing a carwheel factory.

John Mullen, probably the oldest man in Racine, died in the ninety-sixth year of his age.

Alderson Peck, a conductor on the Omaha road died at Eau Claire of typhoid fever.

Frederick Greve, an old resident of Milwaukee, fell dead. Heart disease was the cause.

Congressman Caswell has passed a bill t quiet title to 100,000,000 acres of Western lands.

The farm buildings and residence of August Falkner, near Alma, burned to the ground.

A man giving his name as William Fischer has been arrested at Racine, for swindling *shoe dealers*.

The limit of cost of the Milwaukee government building was raised to $1,000,000 by the Senate.

Chas. Kelley, of Embarrass, whose wife fell dead at a church sociable three weeks ago, has died.

T. H. Sheppard & Co., of Chicago, have purchased 8,000,000 feet of logs from Dundas Bros. of Ashland.

Isaac H. Shane, of Eau Claire, was acci*dentally killed in a logging camp near Bruce*. He leaves a family.

The Darien dairy at Elkhorn caught fire and was burned to the ground. The damage is about $3,000.

A fire in Gebhardt & Stock Manufacturing company's sash factory in Milwaukee, gutted the building.

W. G. French, the murderer of G. M. Steel, was arraigned at Ashland for preliminary examination.

At Saukville Miss Margaret Klein, of Newburg, was married to ex-Ald. Oscar Altpeter, of Milwaukee.

The store of R. B. Ogilvie, at Madison, was entered by burglars and silk goods amounting to $500 stolen.

The Starkweather pension has been accepted by the senate, $50 a month for the widow of the Wisconsin general.

Special Treasury Agent Cooper is making the annual payment of $18.67 to each of the *Winnebago Indians near La Crosse*.

Earl Showermann was killed by an engine at Waukesha while he was sweeping cinders from a Central railway track.

Three young sons of Andrew Gilbertson were buried at Hudson. They all died of diphtheria within thirty-two hours.

Rev. John Stafford, of Marinette, has resigned for the purpose of taking a post-graduate course at Berlin, Germany.

A. W. Ziebell, freight agent of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western road in Oshkosh, died suddenly of heart disease.

Policeman Val Blum was removed from *the force at Eau Claire for arresting Min*nie Bahlke, a servant-girl, without cause.

Ald. Charles Horn, of Racine, pleaded guilty to a charge that he had allowed his barn to be used for a ratting main and paid a fine of $20.

Sister Calista, aged 23 years, who came from Humboldt, Kas., and Sister Leona, of Illinois, died of consumption at St. Catherine's convent, Racine.

Gay Jewett, a native of Plainfield, Wis., and for years a dime museum freak, died at Mason City, Iowa. He was 30 years of age and weighed 740 pounds.

Acting Secretary Nettleton has issued warrants for the payment of nearly $20,000,000 on account of pensions. Of this amount, $1,550,000 goes to Milwaukee.

The Central school building at Washburn caught fire and burned to the ground. The school board decided to provide temporary quarters for the 300 pupils.

The funeral of Willie James, at Merrill, who was killed by the cars at Babcock, was largely attended. Four sisters from La Crosse, Viroqua and Worthington, Minn., were present.

A team of horses valued at $200, the property of L. J. Parks, of Western Union Junction, near Racine, died under suspicious circumstances, and it is thought they were poisoned by enemies.

George E. Scott, one of the earliest settlers of Neenah, was arrested, charged by W. & W. G. Barnes, wholesale merchants of an Illinois town, with embezzlement. He has given bonds for his appearance.

*Fire totally destroyed a house of bad re*pute on Water street, Superior. Four inmates were seriously injured, one reported fatally. The cause of the fire is a mystery. *The loss is estimated at $8,000*.

A stage runs from Menominee, twenty-three miles across Green Bay, and two enterprising chaps have built a half-way house ten miles out on the ice and serve hot lunches to hungry passengers.

The machinery depot of S. L. Sheldon, at Madison, was consumed by fire, with a portion of the contents. The building was a total loss. The Ogden House, adjoining, caught fire several times, with no serious damage. The loss was $30,000, partially insured.

Joseph Stangel, charged with assault with intent to kill his half sister, Kate Fisher, at Thorpe, waived examination before Justice Burke, and was taken to Neillsville. Bail was fixed at $2,000, which he failed to secure.

Wilson Gordon, a colored policeman of Whitewater, on trial for assault with intent to kill two men in a saloon row, Dec. 25, was acquitted. The accused claimed that he was attacked and that he did the shooting in self-defense.

The steamship Ferdinand Schlesinger, the *largest vessel ever built on Lake Michigan*, was launched at Milwaukee. It is 328 feet over all, 308 feet keel, forty-two feet beam, and twenty-two feet hold. Carrying capac*ity, 3,000 tons of iron*.

Another extensive land question, involving title to a section of land near Superior, came up before the land office in Ashland. George Piper, of Detroit, purchased the land as railroad land. Squatters have since settled on it. The land is worth $128,000.

Two more land suits were commenced at the land office at Ashland. Applications of the Cumberland Lumber company and the Keystone Lumber company of Ashland for patents are protested against by the settlers. The latter wish patents on the land, which is valued at $200,000.

The largest deal in lumber in the Ashland lumber district this winter was closed. Over 10,000,000 feet of white pine were sold to the Watkins & Fuller Lumber Company, of Chicago, and Wright & Ketcham, of Ashland, received over $130,000 for it. The logs will be sawed and will be shipped when navigation opens.

Two years ago a 5-year-old son of Charles Hader, a poor man, tumbled into a hole bored and left unprotected by the city of Racine. He offered to settle for a few hundred dollars. His proposition was rejected and he sued for $5,000 damages. The result was a verdict for $1,500. A second trial was had and a similar verdict rendered. Now the city has settled the case by voting to pay Hader $1,200.

The case of John Halberstadt, one of the trustees of the German Congregational church, of Racine, charged with assaulting Mary Albrecht, the woman who was ejected for making faces and sneering at the pastor on Sunday morning, was up for trial. The woman refused to prosecute and the case was dismissed and costs of $15 taxed against the complainant. The woman is now being tried on charges of disturbing a religious meeting.

CURING A CRANK.

"I am a miserable man," said Cyrus Maddox gloomily, and it is best that the world should be rid of my presence. No one cares for me."

"Oh, don't say that, uncle," said Lizzie Silver beseechingly. "You know I love you. You are the only friend I have in the world, and if you were to die what would become of me?"

"I suppose young Guy Cheevers would console you for my loss," said Mr. Maddox, grimly. "At any rate I don't care. I will end my troubles and sorrow to-morrow at 12 m."

And with these fearful words he strode out of the room, leaving Lizzie sobbing with her curly black head resting on a dinner plate.

"What's the matter now, Bess? Has the milliner disappointed you in your love of a bonnet?" asked a warm, hearty voice, which was the property of "young Guy Cheevers," as Mr. Maddox called him, as that gentleman strode into the room.

"Oh, Guy!" sobbed Lizzie. "Uncle Cyrus is going to die to-morrow at 12 o'clock."

"How do you know?" asked Guy.

"He said so."

"But how does he know?"

"He's going to kill himself."

"So as to make himself a true prophet, eh?" asked Guy, laughingly.

"Oh, Guy, don't joke!" cried Lizzie tearfully. "He will—I know he will."

"I doubt it," said Guy, skeptically.

"But he tried to commit suicide several times," persisted Lizzie, fearfully. "Once he tried to smother himself with burning charcoal, but he forgot to stop up the keyhole, and I smelt the smoke and got some neighbors to break open the door and save him. Then he tried to hang himself, but the cord broke; and he fired a pistol at himself, but he forgot to put a ball in it, so that failed; and then——"

"Gracious!" cried Guy, as Lizzie stopped for want of breath "what a determined man he must be! Such perseverance deserves to be rewarded. Have you any idea what plan he will try now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lizzie, mournfully. "Something dreadful, I suppose."

"But what does he want to make away with himself for?" asked Guy, wonderingly.

"Why, he says he is a miserable man, a burden to everyone, and that life has no joys for him, and that he is weary of this world——"

"And so would like to try the next?" said Guy. "Perhaps he won't find it so pleasant as the one he is quitting. What an unreasonable man he must be! He is rich, talented, healthy, and has a very pretty niece"—and here, in a moment of abstraction he allowed his arm to wander around Miss Silver's waist—"and what more can he want? But some people never are satisfied. It seems he is determined to pry into futurity, and it seems a pity to disappoint so laudable an ambition, but duty—duty to myself—compels me to interfere. I dislike any scandal or excitement. A coroner's jury would cause both, therefore we must balk his little game."

"But how?" asked Lizzie curiously.

"A prudent general," said Guy, haughtily, "never confides his plans to his army, particularly when the army is of the feminine gender; so excuse me, mum's the word. But rest assured, my dearest Elizabeth, that unless your worthy uncle shuffles off this mortal coil in a surreptitious manner before 12 o'clock to-morrow he will not do it afterward—of course, I mean illegally. Farewell till to-morrow."

Having concluded this address, Guy strode off in a tragic manner, leaving Lizzie greatly surprised, but still quite reassured, for in her opinion what Guy couldn't do wasn't worth doing.

The next morning Mr. Maddox made his appearance very saturnine and gloomy, and ate his breakfast with a mournful air that was terribly impressive. Having finished he then took leave of his niece in a feeling manner.

"I am about to leave you," said he mournfully. "I am about to end this life of misery. I hope that you may be happy."

"Oh, don't go!" said Lizzie, tearfully clinging to him and looking into his face pleadingly.

"It's useless," said Mr. Maddox firmly. "My mind is fixed and nothing you can do can persuade me to relinquish my purpose. But you, my dear child, shall not be unprovided for. I intend to make my will in the few hours that are left me and you will not be forgotten. Good-by, my dear child, farewell!" and then, after embracing his niece fervently, Mr. Maddox rushed from the room frantically and securely locked himself into his own room and began to prepare himself for his last journey.

"Nine o'clock!" he said to himself, looking at his watch. "Three hours yet! Enough to do all I have to do! First to make my will!"

The last will and testament of Cyrus Maddox was evidently not a long one, as it was finished in less than an hour.

"Eleven o'clock!" said Mr. Maddox, "and I have finished. How slow the time passes, to be sure! Now what shall I do until 12 o'clock, for I am determined not to die until noon——"

A knock at the door.

"Go away!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily. "You can't come in."

"I am very sorry to disagree with you," said a voice outside the door, "but I can come in. I have a duplicate key here and if you don't open the door I will."

Mr. Maddox rose and unlocked the door savagely, and Guy Cheevors stalked into the room, carrying an oblong box under his arm.

He placed the box on the table, and then took a seat opposite Mr. Maddox and stared blankly at him.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Maddox fiercely. Don't you see I am engaged?"

"Oh, I know," said Guy, "what you are about to do. Don't think that I am going to interfere—not at all. But before you make your quietus I wish to ask you a few questions. Have you provided for your niece's future welfare?"

"What's that to you?"

"Considerable. I am about to marry Miss Silver; so her interests are naturally mine."

"Then she is provided for amply."

"Thank you for your information. Very glad to hear it. And now excuse the apparent impertinence of the question, but where is your will?"

"Here," said Mr. Maddox, laying his hand on it.

"Suppose you give it to me to take care of?"

"Give it you? Why pray?"

"It might become misplaced," explained Guy.

"I'll keep it myself," said Mr. Maddox, roughly.

"Then just leave a memorandum on the table," said Guy earnestly, "to tell where it is. It will save trouble, perhaps."

"Get out!" cried Mr. Maddox, angrily.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Cheevers, coolly; "in a hurry to begin. Well, I won't detain you, but I have a little suggestion to offer."

"Well?" said Mr. Maddox impatiently.

"It is this," said Guy. "Miss Silver informs me that you have made several previous efforts to cut short your trouble and your breath, and always unsuccessfully. Now, it seems to me you don't go the right way about it. This box," and here he opened the box before alluded to, "contains several little plans that I think might please you. Here's one," and he showed a little steel instrument.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Maddox curiously.

"This" said Guy "is an article that you can place round your neck like a collar, then by striking your hand on the left side of your neck a sharp spike is driven right into your jugular vein—"

"But that would kill me," said Mr. Maddox, *starting*.

"Well, ain't that what you want?" demanded Guy, sternly. "Now, here's another," he went on. "Here's a wheel, you observe; you place this band around your neck, pass it round the wheel and give it two or three turns—then let go. The recoil will twist your head almost off your shoulders—kill you to a certainty."

Mr. Maddox started at him with unfeigned horror.

"Then," went on Guy, coolly, "here's a little package—a torpedo. It contains nitroglycerine. You place it in your mouth, snap your teeth on it, and off goes your head, smashed into millions of atoms."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Maddox, fearfully, "What a terrible idea!"

"Not at all," said Guy, soothingly, "Beautiful invention—I quite pride myself on it—scientific suicide, you see! Anybody can take poison or blow their brains out, but to do it scientifically requires real talent. You have it, and I am confident that you will reflect credit on my inventive skill. Now," he continued confidentially, "if you could use all three of these inventions at once—cut your jugular, garrote yourself and blow your head off, all at once—why, I'd thank you."

"What!" cried Mr. Maddox, fiercely; "do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'am going to use any of your infernal inventions? Get out of this room, you cold-blooded villain, before I throw you out of the window!"

"But I have a great many more to show you," remonstrated Guy, "and you see I want you to try as many as possible. Well, well!" he added, as Mr. Maddox grasped the poker threateningly. "I'm going. But I'll leave this box here, and before you get rid of yourself just make a memorandum of what you will use and leave it on the table, because you know there will probably be nothing left of you to draw conclusions from, and so——"

Here any further speech was cut short by Mr. Maddox seizing his visitor and hustling him out into the passage.

"Well?" said Lizzie anxiously, to Guy.

"I think it's all right," said Guy, grinning.

"Get the lunch ready. Your uncle is all right. He'll be down."

And, sure enough, so he was; and, although he spoke not, he ate most voraciously of everything

"Lizzie," said he suddenly, after an hour's pause, "did you ever see an infernal old fool and an idiot?"

"Never that I know of," said Lizzie. "Why?"

"Because; just look at me and you'll see one," said Mr. Maddox grimly, and he stalked upstairs.

Up to the present time of writing Cyrus Maddox is still alive, enjoying remarkably good health, and he seems to be on friendly terms with Mr. Cheevers and his wife Lizzie. He probably forgave that gentleman on account of a discovery he made that the nitroglycerine torpedo contained nothing more dangerous than salt, and the other "infernal inventions" were infernal in about the the same ratio, but Guy still maintains that when persons are weary of life they should end their troubles by scientific suicide.—Boston Globe.

RUDE WOMEN.

There Are Not a Few of These People in the Wide World.

There are so many types of ill-mannered women that it is difficult to know with which to begin first. But perhaps the woman who wants to settle the affairs of every one is among the most unpleasant. She considers it her duty to give advice on all possible occasions and to tell the truth with brutal frankness, says the New York Star. Such a woman is tolerated, not liked, nor loved, and never welcomed. The door is never opened wide to receive her, and it is closed with a bang of relief behind her.

She is first cousin to the woman who always says what she thinks, which results in her saying a great many rude things and in making every one uncomfortable with whom she comes in contact. In her eyes it is wicked to tell white lies, but it is no sin to make people unhappy by unfeeling remarks. Putting aside the telling of a white lie that some persons think so wicked, there remains to them the virtue of silence. But this is something the truthful, honest person cannot understand. She must speak, she must say what she thinks, regardless of the fact that she is giving offense. And so she goes through life, stabbing people right and left, by whom she is abhorred as well as feared. Is it not a sin to make others unhappy by sharp words?

There is another type of woman whose indifference is only a passive rudeness, who shows no courtesy to any one; who looks with wild horror on any one who takes the trouble to be polite, and who sits stolidly silent in a room full of people. She does not exert herself to talk, to be polite, and hardly responds when spoken to. There are people who find excuses for her—she is unhappy, she is ill, she is thoughtless, they will say. It is impossible that she can be so afflicted at all times. No; her indifference is only another name for rudeness.

There is another type of woman who is as much a bore as is the woman who continually gives advice. It is the woman who gives information, who is forever correcting the mistakes of others in order to show her own superiority. She generally does this before a number of persons, thinking to impress them with the cultivation of her mind, with the exactness of her knowledge and with her kindness in parting with so much that is valuable. She is of near kin to the exact woman, who is equal to the pestilence and terror spoken of in the Bible. Every statement made in her presence must be exact, even to the minutest details, or she will spend an hour in discussing the question whether it was just three weeks ago that certain circumstances occurred, or two weeks, four days and ten hours. It is not of the slightest consequence whether it was three weeks or thirty, but she must settle the matter to suit herself before any one else present is allowed to say a work.

The Wary Alligator.

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass, and lays a large number of oblong white eggs, but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank! They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances overland to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it woke.—St. Nicholas.

Wanted a Simple Meal.

A dilapidated swell, who plainly had more dignity than money, entered Delmonico's dining room a few evenings ago, and after scanning the menu card given him by the pompous waiter, asked: "What is your cheapest dish?" "Codfish and cream; forty cents, sir," said the waiter. "How much without the cream?" queried the hungry swell. "Same price," answered the waiter. "Well, bring me the cream," ordered the stranger, with a satisfied air.—New York Journal.

It Humps Along.

An instrument for testing the speed of electricity on English lines gives the rate at 288,000 miles a second. This is pretty lively going especially for bad weather, and if the man who receives the message would stir his stumps with equal speed there'd be some fun in closing up a wheat deal.

HOW TO GET AT THE POLE

GEORGE KENNAN'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Those Ambitious for Fame Should Become Explorers—The Best Route to Take—Sledges and Dogs Instead of Ships—How to Prepare for It.

Traveler George Kennan says no field to-day offers such flattering inducements to the ambitious young man of courage and high resolve as arctic exploration. "Look at it," said he. "Every man, from Franklin down, whether he achieved success, or met with disaster, has to-day a world-wide reputation. That answers the cry that arctic exploration is a cruel sacrifice of life and a useless expenditure of money. Fame, reputation is what the ambitious man wants, and if he loses his life in the effort he counts it well lost. The guerdon is worth the trial. There was a time I would have gone to search for the north pole if I could have had the opportunity. Now I am too old to attempt it. A man should be old enough to have had some experience and yet young enough to have the strength, the vigor and buoyancy of youth to undertake such an enterprise. I have read and studied the subject very thoroughly, and wrote an article once on "Arctic Exploration" for the American Encyclopedia. There is no new way to reach the north pole. If I were to start on such an expedition the most feasible route would be by the way of Franz Josef Land, which lies to the east and north of Iceland, almost due north of Europe. Franz Josef Land was discovered by the Australian expedition, and after pushing as far as latitude 82 degrees land was seen to stretch away for miles to the north. The method which I think would be the most successful would be to go by sleges. That is, establish caches or supply stations at intervals as far as the land reached. Of course such supply points could not be made on ice floes, because they would shift from place to place.

"This operation would take perhaps two years," said Mr. Kennan. "Then a party could wait for a suitable season and make a grand rush for the north. The supply stations would relieve the party of the necessity of carrying provisions for the entire trip, and it would be more easily handled, as light cavalry is more readily manipulated in a battle than infantry. The only other land that reaches as far north as Franz Josef Land is Greenland, and it even is a question if that does. Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, pushed farther north than any of his party, and although he reached the 82d degree of latitude the shore had begun to bear away toward the east, a fact which goes to show that the land was rounding off into an island.

"The most dangerous way to go north would be from Behring Sea as the Jeannette did. There the tide takes you to the north, and once caught in the ice there would be no return, unless a ship could be built like a log that could not be crushed. In that case, if well provisioned, that might be the surest way of reaching the pole. The tides of Baffin's Bay trend to the south and warmer latitudes. Dr. Bessler, a Smithsonion scientist, who was on the Hall expedition, made some very elaborate calculations on the tides of Baffin's Bay, and he told me that he was satisfied that the tides there came from the west, and not the east. If this conclusion be true it goes to prove that Franz Josefs Land reaches so far to the north that it cuts off the flow from the east. Such being a fact, it would be possible to push to the north pole, or at least as far north as the land extended.

The Queerest Chance in the World.

Every once in a while some war veteran, under proper circumstances and conditions, will tell you how he escaped death at such a place and such a time by the "queerest chance in the world" says the Philadelphia Inquirer. One of these "queerest chances in the world" fell to the lot of an old-timer who lives in Germantown, and, in truth, it is one of the very queerest. He was about to leave for the seat of war in 1863, and the girl to whom he was engaged, among numerous other things, gave him a chest-protector, made by her own fair hands and wet by her tears. It was meant to be practical, and was of immense thickness, that is, it was padded to the depth of an inch or two. During a long and tedious campaign in chilly weather the soldier found it invaluable as a safe-guard against colds, and wore it almost constantly. He had it on one morning when plunged into the heat of a hand-to-hand skirmish. The affair developed into quite a little battle and soon the straggling fire on both sides had become rattling volleys. When it was over the soldier retired to his tent and removed his coat and shirt in order to stanch the flow of blood from a small flesh wound in his back. In removing the protector he felt a sharp pain shoot through his chest, and then he noticed that the protector was cut all up by the passage of a bullet. An investigation developed an awfully "queer chance." His sweetheart had accidentally left a needle sticking in the pad which he had never noticed before. This ran right through the cloth and a bullet had struck it on the point. The needle had been forced back clear through a thick button on his woolen undershirt and thence had gone a little distance into the skin. The resistance of the button had forced the soft lead of the bullet clear round the needle so that the bullet was fairly impaled on the slender wire. Thus was the life of the soldier saved, and through the carelessness of his beloved in leaving the needle in the protector.

JEFF DAVIS AT FORT GIBSON.

The House He Occupied Half a Century Ago Still Stands.

An order was recently issued by the war department, turning over the abandoned military reservation of Fort Gibson, I. T., to the interior department for disposition as provided by law.

Jefferson Davis at one time lived at Fort Gibson, which is ninety-five miles south of Coffeyville, Kas., and about twenty-five miles from Tallequah, the territorial capital. It is a small place. A railway station, a small tavern, a cotton gin and a few scattered houses identify it completely.

Davis lived there in 1838, when it was a fort in more than name. His house was the first white man's dwelling erected at the place. He was captain of a company of soldiers which was stationed there to preserve peace among the Indians. The government had just been engaged in wars with the Comanches, Seminoles and Pawnees. Several tribes had been confined in the territory and the troops were established there to prevent an uprising. The fort has now been abandoned by the government and the troops stationed at Fort Reno, just west of Oklahoma territory. The fort still stands.

Davis being an officer, had quarters outside the regular barracks and lived in a small house some distance from the fort. His wife, the daughter of Zachariah Taylor, was with him, and the sensation of their elopement had hardly subsided at this time. The house they lived in stands yet, but it is in a dilapidated condition. It was built in 1838. It has never been kept in repair. At one time it was a respectable and even elegant domicile for that country. It is one story high, built of logs and covered with weather boards. At each end stands a large, square brick fireplace. These fireplaces are now the only substantial looking parts of the building. The roof sags, many shingles swell the number of mysterious disappearances, a narrow porch along the side of the house is battered and decayed, doors are broken down and windows broken in.

The house is located on the military reservation and the late order from the war department turning it over to the interior department will probably be the cause of its being torn down.

In Davis's Fort Gibson days there lived at the fort a Catholic priest, Father Dodson. Among his accomplishments was playing the piano and he had an instrument with him. He died some years ago and bequeathed this instrument to Mrs. W. P. Ross, who keeps the Ross hotel, a homely hostelry of six rooms at the fort. This venerable musical mechanism has still a remarkably good tone, although it is now over seventy-five years old.

The Law is Unjust to Women.

Under the semi-barbaric laws of England, from which our laws regulating the marriage relation were copied, the condition of married woman was one of slavery in everything but name. These laws formerly allowed her husband to whip her as often as he chose, provided he did not use a stick thicker than his thumb. They gave him all her property absolutely at marriage, and denied her the right to make a will or to act as executrix, or to assert any rights of ownership over the money which had been given to her by her own father. They subjected her to the ignominious and disgraceful punishment of the ducking-stool if she used her tongue a little too freely against her female neighbors, and the unhappy creature was doused into the water again and again in the presence of a multitude of jeering spectators until half drowned, or until she would give sufficient promises to thereafter keep her unruly member in better subjection. And as late as 1717 the grand jury of this county, in their presentment, which is still among the records, solemnly requested the county commissioners to forthwith erect a ducking stool, which, they said, was too greatly needed. How would the educated and intelligent women of the present day deal with a grand jury that should propose the erection of a ducking-stool as a punishment for women?—Philadelphia Times.

And Then He Didn't.

A Spanish author says in a serial story now running:

"Then she looked up.

"Then he made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms.

"Then—then—he drew a cigaretto from his pocket, scratched a match on his leg and proceeded to smoke."

An Obliging Youth.

Miss Amy—I don't believe in throwing kisses.

Goslin—Neither do I. When you have any for me let me know and I'll come and get them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Every dog has his day and the cats seem to be quarreling over the nights.—*Life.*

The best Christian is the man who never mentions the fact that he is one.—*Atchison Globe.*

Money has some human characteristics. It talks and it gets tight.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Somehow we never notice what those people have on who come to us in our trouble.—*Atchison Globe.*

You must hustle to win. In the jackpot of life the man who is shy is not in it.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Jinks—"What a black eye you have! Been boxing?" Binks—"No; getting boxed!"—*Boston Traveler.*

It seems to be easier to be a Napoleon of Finance than to pay 100 cents on a dollar.—*Lewiston Journal.*

"Those waves remind me of the servants I had last year." "So green?" "No. Breakers."—*Figaro.*

Very few hearts are ever so badly broken that a little golden salve will not make them better than new.—*Boston Traveler.*

The days are "short" now because there is not so much time in them as there was, and time is money.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Poet—"I sent you some verses this morning." Editor—"All right. I'll see that you get them back right away."—*N. Y. World.*

Shady—"My reputation is very dear to me." Ontoit—"Probably. Have to pay cash for everything, don't you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The earliest instance of gambling known to history was when a pair-o' dice was thrown up by Adam and Eve.—*St. Joseph News.*

Johnny—"What is a theory, pa?" Pa—"A theory, my son, is an impracticable plan for doing something that is impossible."—*Puck.*

When a well-known prevaricator declared that he was afraid to lie Poets replied that he had too mean an opinion of his own courage.—*Life.*

"What is the solution of the negro problem?" demanded the orator. "Four-eleven-forty-four," replied a man in the audience.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dashaway—"I have fallen into the bad habit of talking to myself lately." Cleverton—"I wondered why you were looking so bored."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Singleton—"Are all typewriters pretty?" Benedict—"Well, every man's wife thinks that her husband's is, anyway!"—*Lawrence American.*

"Simpson is a curious fellow; I never knew him to laugh at a joke." "Then it's evident you never heard him tell one himself."—*N. Y. Times.*

Alphonso—"Do you know, Miss Maud, I weally had half a mind lahst night——" Miss Maud—"O, why didn't you call on me last night?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I can't imagine," said the lawyer, "how a plot like that can continue through five acts." "O, but you see, in the second a suit at law is begun."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A correspondent wants to know if fits are hereditary." Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Ceoppie—"It's very disagreeable when a fellah goes into society to meet one's tradespeople." Cynicus—"Why, they don't dun you before the company, do they?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Teacher—"You think sin is an adjective, do you? How would you compare it?" Smart Boy—"Positive, sin; comparative, sinner; superlative, cynic."—*Buffalo Express.*

"Nature," says Scappleton, "never makes a mistake." "O, I don't know about that; look at the dude." "Yes; but she didn't waste any brains on him."—*Washington Post.*

A Canadian doctor has just been testifying that a murdered man's heart stopped "right in the middle of a beat." That's nothing; policemen often do the same thing.—*Utica Herald.*

"Who is making all this talk?" asked the vinegar bottle severely at a social repast. "I am," said the champagne bottle proudly from the head of the table.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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SUNDAY READING.

APPROPRIATE READING MATTER FOR THE DAY OF REST.

Judge Not in Haste—Learn to Forgive—*The Secret of Happiness*—Grains of Wisdom—Etc., Etc.

Ne'er be hasty in your judgment,
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend.
Of two reasons for an action
Choose the better, not the worst.
Oft, with some, the meaner motive
Ever strikes the fancy first.
Then be gentle with misfortune;
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend.

Judge not with detracting spirit;
Speak not with disdainful tongue;
Nor with hard and hasty feeling
Do one human creature wrong.
Words there are that, sharp as winter,
Strip the little left to cheer;
Oh, be yours the kinder mission,
Prone to soothe, not cause a tear.
Then be gentle with misfortune,
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend.
—N. Y. Ledger.

Learn to Forgive.

Learn how to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life; it will hurt you more than anything else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. Suppose you pass by a wood fire, and as you pass you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming and, thrusting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians, who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies, and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your soul like a flood. "Father forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example.—Rev. R. V. Lawrence.

The Secret of Happiness.

"Happiness comes most to the people who seek her least and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. It must overtake you, and not you overtake it." In the course of his sound philosophizing he says: "A contented mind is the first condition of happiness, but what is the first condition of a contented mind? You will be disappointed when I tell you what this all-important thing is, it is so common, so near at hand, and so many people have so much of it and yet are not happy. They have too much of it, or else the kind that is not best suited to them. What is the best thing for a stream? It is to keep moving. If it stops it stagnates. So the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, the physical moral and intellectual currents. Hence the secret of happiness is something to do—some congenial work. Take away the occupation of all men and what a wretched world it would be! Half of it would commit suicide in less than ten days.—Chautauquan.

Courage in Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials, but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are best exercises of our patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. This habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded penance.—Hannah More.

Grains of Wisdom.

Secrecy is the element of all goodness.

Put off the habit of petting yourself as long as you can.

He that losses anything and gets wisdom by it is the gainer by the loss.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable and men admirable.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next sense, the third good humor and the fourth art.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants, and that is the readiest way to riches.

"A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A wise man always keeps in mind that nothing in this world can retain its first freshness, beauty and significance.

In the unrestrained pleasures of the intellect, as in the unrestrained pleasures of the senses, the heart dries up, the man becomes cruel.—Banner of Light.

Worldly Good of No Value.

That which a man really possesses is that which is within him; that which is without him is subject to accidents; possessed to-day, it may not be in existence tomorrow.—J. Johnson.

Arise and Come.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Make the effort. Turn your whole soul God-ward. Let no other trust intrude. Let nothing come between your soul and God. Be determined to be a Christian at all hazards, and you will find all the resources of the Diety at your command. The heavenly Father yearns with an infinite pity and longing for you to come home. The instant you arise, through the might of your will, aided by the Holy Spirit and come to the Father, while yet a great way off, he will see you, and have compassion on you, and will run to embrace you. As Bishop Vincent so aptly expresses it: "Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way."—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

To Investigate Spiritualism.

A movement is reported from Boston for the investigation and study of psychic phenomena. A prospectus has been issued, signed by clergymen and other prominent people. The prospectus states: "We only propose to concentrate our efforts on the narrower field of Spiritualism, pure and simple. That modern Spiritualism has votaries in all parts of our country, and that it has the power to influence the thought and action of those who believe its teachings, are indisputable facts. Is the movement founded on fact or delusion? If it be delusion, the contagion has spread quite far enough and done damage enough already. If there be truth, the world would be benefited by the knowledge.—Christian Union.

His Purposes.

Too many think that God is cutting down the tree, when he is but lopping off its luxuriant branches. They imagine that he is demolishing the superstructure, when he is only laying a right foundation. Poor souls, he is not nipping the flowers, but plucking up the weeds; he is not laying your land fallow, but plowing the field; he is not putting out the light, but snuffing the candle. Providence had a beautiful face under a black mask. God has the fairest ends and the foulest ways. The sheep may be dipped into water to wash it, when there is no design in the Good Shepherd to drown it.—William Secker.

God Always Near.

When in the midst of the stormy whirlwind of action and passion, we are apt to trust to our own frail barks; and we hear not the voice of God until after the storm, in the still, small whisper in our souls. When the heart is calmed we can feel the power and behold the brightness of our Father's love; and we can yield ourselves to Him, and desire to be led by Him wherever He chooseth.—Hill.

The Good Qualities.

It is said of some gardeners that, from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So often in order to examine abuses in things beneficial, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view.

Sound Advice.

Activity is life, stagnation is death. Keep yourself actively occupied if you want to be healthy; husband your means if you want to become wealthy. Be liberal if you want to have friends; remember that friendship is often of far greater value than gold. To achieve great success, you must be courageous; a timid man is defeated at the very outset.

Some Culture Necessary.

Just as it is not always easy to express our thoughts with simplicity and truth, and in such language as shall convey their real meaning to others, so it is not always easy to translate our feelings correctly. Both must be the result of culture.

Depend on Yourself.

Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet-bread, and to learn to labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to save and expend the good things committed to his trust.—Lord Bacon.

Conduct and Character.

Character without conduct is like the lips without the trumpet, whose whispers die upon themselves and do not stir the world. Conduct without character is like the trumpet hung up in the wind, which whistles through it, and means nothing.

God's Love.

In the soul which dares believe the vast and precious truth of God's personal love, all life becomes significant and no part is so dreary that out of it there will not come up some ark of God to lead us to the richer things beyond.

More Formality is Worthless.

The one condition of the Christian churches doing their Christian work is that they shall be clothed and filled with God's Spirit. Do not let us rely on machinery; do not let us rely on externals.—Maclaren.

Our Actions.

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, or when the hour of death comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.—Walter Scott.

Everything Tends Toward Perfection.

We must increase our talents, enlarge our graces, shoot up into tallness, grow to this stature. For God's family admits no dwarfs; stunted professions are never sound.—Adams.



PORCINE.

The hog who smokes
The strong cigar
Ranks all the folks
In the packed street-car.
—Dallas, Tex., News.

Except the hog
Who looks so grand
And sits like a log
While *women stand.*
—Chicago Tribune.

A Definition.

"Father, what is meant by a death bed repentance?"

"A death bed repentance, my son, is saving one's self in the nick of time from the Nick of eternity."—Elmira Gazette.

An Ounce of Prevention.

"I want you to tell me," said one pretty girl to another pretty girl, "how you can travel in the cars as much as you do and prevent men from ever speaking to you."

"I chew gum," was the simple answer.

He Was All Right.

Affectionate Wife—John, you ought not to go to the club so much. And you drink too much. Remember what the doctor says: Fast livers die early.

Pleasure-Loving Husband—I'm all right, Mary. My liver ain't fast; it is sluggish.—Cape Cod Item.

Not That Way.

Amateur farmers do not know a great deal, perhaps, but when they do know they are sure.

Old farmer—What do you feed your pigs?

Amateur farmer—Corn.

Old farmer—In the ear?

Amateur farmer (in disgust)—No, in the mouth.—The Roller Mill.

How it Rolled In.

Loving Wife—Now you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shining heap of gold into his hat) this may tide you over.

Husband—Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it?

Wife—Easy enough. Every time you said a mean thing to me I put 10 cents into a box.—New York Sun.

To Much Civilization.

Tenderfoot (out west)—Is it necessary to go armed in this section?

Native—Wall, that depends. Wot's yer business?

Tenderfoot—I'm a music teacher.

Native—Huh! Now you're here, I 'spose every gal in-town'll be raisin' Cain till she gits a pianer an' begins practicin' five hours a day. I reckon you'd better go armed.—New York Weekly.

Not an Isolated Case.

"Why can't you always be cheerful?" said the editor to the humorist. "You are making money, have plenty of friends, good home. You ought to be happy all the time, but you're away down one minute and the next minute away up again. There isn't another person like you in the whole establishment."

"You forget the elevator boy," said the humorist, and then sighed and walked languidly into the other room.

Conclusive Evidence.

LadyDowager—I am at last thoroughly satisfied that the wife Lord Henry brought from America used to be an actress.

Countess Fiango—How did you find out?

Lady Dowager—I renounced them both yesterday, and she clasped her hands, took three steps to the right, sobbed convulsively for fifteen seconds, and then turning about, towered to her full height and defied me.—Grip.

Made no Difference.

A gentleman was looking at a suite of rooms in an apartment house. He found them satisfactory and said to the janitor:

"I'll take them."

"Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, two."

"Then I cannot let you have the rooms."

"Why, my children are both married and live in Iowa."

"That makes no difference. My orders are not to take in any tenant who has children."

Just Wanted to Know.

"Katie," said he, when the time came for him to take his departure, "do you think you care enough for me to link your lot with mine? Could you leave this home and be happy in another with me?"

"Yes, Augustus, I think I could," softly, but unhesitatingly, answered Katie.

"I didn't know whether to ask you or not," continued Augustus, "so I thought I'd see how you felt about it." And having satisfied himself as to her feelings toward him, he took his hat to go, but he went without a good-night kiss.—Boston Herald.

Wasn't a Hint.

Yabsley—See here, Wickwire, you are a married man and ought to know something about the ways of women. I want to ask your opinion on a little matter.

Wickwire—Well?

Yabsley—I was calling on a young lady last evening—no, I didn't say what her name was—and along about 11:30 she began asking me about my favorite breakfast dishes. I'd like to know whether she was hinting towards housekeeping, or intimating that it was time for me to go home.—Indianapolis Journal.

Laid it to Lightning.

Aunt Belinda recently visited Pittsburg for the first time in twenty years and she has been entertaining the family circle at Scarletsville with stories of strange sights and perilous passages in the city ever since.

"Your Cousin George took me to ride on them cable cars," she says, "and the way them things tear 'round's something frightful. Scared me a bit, but I never let on till the car stopped one time awful sudden. Threw me sideways and I grabbed George's arm. We had to lay there a good while, for they'd run out er lightnin'!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Inviting an Invitation.

Youth's Companion.

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dine; but the congregation dispersed without noticing him.

When the house was nearly empty, the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you come home to dinner with me to-day?"

"Where do you live?"

"About eighteen miles from here, sir."

"No; but you must dine with me," answered the brother, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

Don't Cost a Cent.

One of the principles of economy is never to buy what you can get along without. Whoever has learned this may be said to have started on the road to wealth.

An agent was exhibiting a new-fangled wagon-jack near the market, and a colored man who was there with his horse and wagon seemed much pleased with it until he found the price $1.

"Dat settles me," he said, as he climbed into his vehicle.

"But it's worth the money," persisted the agent.

"Ize got a cheaper thing, sah."

"What is it?"

"Why, my ole woman kin hold up de eand of dis wagin while I grease de axes, and it don't cost me a cent."

A Phenomenon.

An itinerant lecturer, holding forth in a remote Scotch village, happened to make use of the word "phenomenon." Fancying, however, that the education of his hearers was not likely to have been such as to make them equal to "hard words," he proceeded to enlighten their understandings in the following style: "But, maybe, ma freen's ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then, a'll tell ye. Ye've seen a coo [cow,] mae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've a' see an nipple-tree. Weel, an nipple-tree's nae a phenomenon neither. But gin ye see the coo ganging up the nipple-tree, tail fairmost, to pu' nipples, that wad be a phenomenon!"

She Set Him Again.

"How did you sleep, dear," inquired the landlady of the new lady boarder, as she dished out some oatmeal for her.

"Not very well. There seemed to be some sort of trouble between the cats in the yard. I never heard anything like it."

"Did you hear it?" asked the landlady, passing the sugar; "it was my yellow cat Tom's fault. He sat down on the kitchen window-sill and the flypaper stuck to his tail. He jumped out before we could pull it off, and there seemed to be trouble all night but this morning he came in with the paper still on him, and there were four different colors of fur, a piece of soap and a slipper stuck on besides."

"Did you get it off?" inquired the young lady boarder, with much interest.

"Certainly not, I gummed the upper side and he's out now waiting for the other slipper."

Indiscreet.

It is not difficult to imagine that the goddess of liberty smiled gently and indulgently as they made their way up the walk to the capitol. And when they entered the hall where the whispering gallery is the sight-seers all seemed to pause as if they had heard Cupid flap his wings. The points of interest didn't seem to attract them much and at last they found a cozy nook behind in a corner where the crowd could not jostle them and where they were safe from even the stare of the stairway's marble eyes.

"Darling," he whispered, "we are at last alone. You have told me often, but I want to hear it again. Tell me that you love me."

Her lips parted, but as he awaited her reply there came the words in a hoarse, brutish voice:

"You can bet your life I do."

They looked once into each other's startled faces and fled.

They had struck the whispering gallery and there was an audience at the other end of the line.—Washington Post.

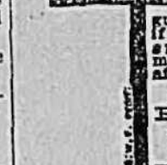
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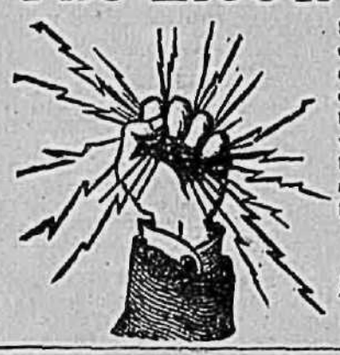
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The Dirge of the Seaside Belle.

There are no young men at the beaches this summer.—Current Items.

The Atlantic ocean is a tolerable ocean,
Perhaps a desirable sea;
And the waves on the ocean are good enough waves—
But not good enough for me.
And the sky above is a pretty fair sky,
The surf there are many to land:
But there's no man in sight from morning to night,
And I think the whole thing is a fraud.
For the waves as they curl,
With their swish and their twirl,
Without a young man are a bore to a girl.

The Atlantic Ocean is a popular ocean
With people fond of the sea,
But the sea without men is a dull kind of thing,
And it's no kind of ocean for me.
They rave o'er the glow of the sunset sea
And the moon with its lane of light;
But in the broad day or beneath the moon's ray
There's never a man in sight.
And the sun and the shade,
And the moon, I'm afraid,
Without a young man are a bore to a maid.

The Atlantic Ocean is a good enough ocean,
A pretty well advertised sea;
But without the young man and all that sort of thing
It's no kind of ocean for me.
I know that the poets have sung of the sea,
As soft, silly poets will sing;
But a bare stretch of beach and no man within reach
Is a very lugubrious thing.
And the summer hotel,
And the surf and the swell,
Without a young man are a bore to a belle.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

PHYLLIS.

"Here are the flowers you ordered, sir. I hope they are not too late."

Edgar Merton wheeled sharply about and threw a surprised glance in the direction of the door.

When he had said "come in!" in answer to the low knock upon its panels, he had expected to see some one of his own sex enter.

But instead he saw, standing half timidly there in the doorway, one of fairest visions of sweet girlhood that ever greeted any man's admiring eyes.

Dressed in plain and inexpensive garb, but neat and exquisitely tasteful in every detail, her small, supple figure seemed to have the graceful dignity of a young princess.

The soft, fluffy fringe of hair curling above her smooth white brow was a light and shining brown, her eyes the deep dark tint of dewy, shaded wood-violets, and her dainty skin as flawless as a pure, white pearl.

Bending forward slightly, and extending to him the box of flowers as she spoke, Merton thought that among the hundreds of high-bred, beautiful women whom he had met in the world of fashion there was not one so lovely as the fair, shy girl who stood before him.

"Why!" he exclaimed, recovering himself after that momentary stare of wonder, "I beg pardon, but I—I did not expect to see a lady. I thought a messenger boy would have brought the flowers, and——"

"It is very unusual for me to do such errands, sir," the girl interrupted, a slight flush coming into her cheeks. "But all the assistants in the shop were very busy, and Mr. Woodfern requested me to bring them, fearing that you might be disappointed."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied, with a glance that somehow, made the color burn more warmly in her cheeks. "They're in good time, and"—opening the box and giving a rapid look at its contents—"my order filled exactly. I'm rather glad it did happen so, for"—with a flattering smile and bow—"I recognized you instantly as the beautiful girl whom I noticed in the shop this afternoon. I esteem myself most fortunate in having this opportunity to meet you; and if you will do me the honor to step inside and wait a few minutes until——"

"No, no, sir," she interrupted suddenly recovering from the spell of astonishment in which she had thus far stood speechless. "If the flowers suit you there is no need for me to wait. Good-evening, sir."

And with flashing eyes and heightened color she turned, with unconscious haughtiness, away.

"But my dear young lady," persisted Mr. Merton, hastily following her out into the hall, "I was intending to drive you home. My carriage will be here in five minutes, and——"

He stopped abruptly there, for he saw that his words were falling on empty air.

The graceful figure of the florist's pretty assistant was already flying down the shallow, richly carpeted stairs, and, with a muttered oath crushed between his teeth, Edgar Merton strode back into his elegant bachelor apartment.

"Confound her prudery!" he grumbled, genuine disappointment in his tones. "She's the prettiest little creature I've set eyes on for years, and I don't intend to give her up so easily. I thought a little flattering attention would win her over; it does most of 'em, but she—well, she's different, that's all. So much the better"—with a dangerous smile creeping about the corners of his cruelly handsome mouth. "I shall prize my little beauty all the more for having had some trouble gaining her. Well, old Woodfern shall have my exclusive patronage hereafter, that's quite certain."

And with a low, satisfied laugh, he dismissed the subject from his thoughts for the time being; then, having rung for a messenger and dispatched the flowers, with a tender little note entwined among them, to a fashionable belle of his acquaintance, he ran downstairs to the waiting carriage, and was soon rolling luxuriously along through the illumined city streets to a brilliant evening at the opera.

And Phyllis Payne, the "pretty flower girl," as he had named her in his thoughts, was also hurrying along the city streets, but in quite a different direction, and on two little tired feet which had scarcely known a moment's rest all day.

Her cheeks were hot and indignant, and the fire in her blue eyes burned angrily as she hurried on.

"I will never do such an errand as that again—never, never! I will give up my place first," she declared to herself, vehemently. "What a bold, wicked smile that man had, and what an evil look in his black eyes! Oh, I remember now how he stared at me this afternoon when he came in to leave his order; I wonder if he will come to the shop again? I—I am afraid I couldn't be civil toward him any more. And then—then I should lose my place, of course. Oh, if Rob could only be here near me!"

And as she thought of him—the brave, honest fellow away off in South America, to whom she had given her heart and the promise of her hand two years ago, and whom she could not hope to see for many long months yet, the tears rose up and quenched the angry blaze in her violet eyes, and she told herself, over and over, that come what would she must have patience to bear her dreary life until Robert Vivian should return to brighten it.

She smiled bravely as she said it, but—poor Phyllis!—she knew nothing of the dark destiny which Edgar Merton had marked out for her!

Almost daily thereafter he called at Mr. Woodfern's shop to order flowers for every fashionable occasion, and almost invariably it would be Phyllis Payne who was summoned to wait upon him.

How she shrank from the prettily turned compliments and the admiring glances which he artfully contrived to mingle with his compliments on the flowers she selected.

At last, one day, when no one else was near the end of the counter at which they stood, Mr. Merton ventured upon a bolder stroke.

"Miss Payne—my dear little Phyllis," he began, abruptly, dropping his voice to an undertone and fixing his handsome black eyes upon her face with a look so boldly impassioned that she drew back from him pale and terribly startled, "you must have seen long ago that I love you. Of course it is simply for the purpose of seeing you that I come in here so often. I fell in love with you that night you brought the flowers to my rooms. Accept my love, Phillis, and the position I am ready to offer you, and no lady in the city shall be grander than you. I am rich——"

"And the 'position' you speak of offering me, Mr. Merton?" questioned Phyllis, the frightened pallor of her face changing to a vivid scarlet as she looked straight into his with her clear, pure, dark-blue eyes. "Am I to understand that it is an honorable one?—such as you would offer to a lady in your own social sphere, or——"

She paused, her pure lips refusing to frame the other question that rose to them.

The man flinched and shifted his glance uneasily beneath the clear gaze of those true, innocent eyes, and at her last words a dark-red flush suddenly shot up to his very temples.

"I don't understand why any one should think it dishonorable," he returned, with a half-shamed, half-insolent voice, and with averted eyes. "Almost any girl as poor and beautiful as you are Phyllis, would be glad——"

"Stop, sir!" she broke in imperiously, her low voice intense with scorn, her blue eyes fairly scorching him with the lightning fires of her indignation. "I scorn and despise both your cowardly offer and—yourself. From this moment, let it be understood we are absolute strangers. You are not to speak to me again upon any pretense whatever. I trust that is plain enough, sir."

"Phyllis, take care," he retorted, warningly, his suppressed voice half-choked with anger and chagrin. "Do not make me your enemy. It is in my power to make your life harder than you think. You had better retract those reckless words."

She had moved away from him, and her only response to his warning-speech was a glance of such withering contempt that, without another word, he turned on his heel and left the store.

A little smile, half-sad, half-exultant, crossed the girl's pale lips as she watched him go, but her heart ached with a dull, portentious pain, for all that.

"I am not rid of him yet," she thought, uneasily. "He will do me some harm unless I get away from here—go somewhere beyond his reach. Yes, I must resign my place here, and look for work elsewhere. But, oh, it may be so hard—so hard to find it."

And so it proved, a great deal harder than she had feared. Days and weeks passed by in the weary search, and poor Phyllis began to feel an awful terror of the future that stared her in the face, for she was almost penniless, and the prospect of work seemed as far off as ever.

One dark, dismal evening she was returning to her room, after another long and bitterly disappointing quest, when she heard rapid footsteps behind her, and the next moment a hand was laid firmly on her arm, and Phyllis looked up to meet the handsome, cruel black eyes of Edgar Merton smiling down upon her.

"Ah! you might have known we should meet again, my darling Phyllis," he exclaimed, mockingly. "No, you need not look so scornful, nor try to jerk your arm free, for neither will do you any good whatever. You are in my power, just as you have been ever since you left old Woodfern's shop. Yes,"—in answer to the astonished, horrified look she gave him—"now you can understand, perhaps, why you have found it impossible to obtain work anywhere. It is an unmanly thing to say, no doubt,"—with a touch of shame sounding in his voice—"but Phyllis, I loved you, and I wanted you wholly in my power, so that you would be forced to choose between my protection and—my God!"—with an involuntary shudder at the thought—"starvation. Phyllis, you will not, cannot refuse my love to meet such a fate?"

"Coward!" she cried out, with passionate bitterness, "I scorn you and your insulting 'love,' as you call it, this moment as I did at first—as I shall forever. Let go my arm! I tell you, once for all, that I would accept starvation—yes, death in any form—rather than the 'love' you offer me!"

For an instant Merton stood watching her in silence, looking in speechless wonder upon the colorless, passionate little face, the proud, quivering lips, and the beautiful blue eyes whose lightning blazed upon him fiercely enough, at most, to have laid him dead at her feet. All at once a new feeling took possession of his heart for this brave, lovely girl who spurned him in the face of death itself.

"Phyllis," he said, in a different tone, "I do love you now, if never before, with love that need not offend you. I ask you to be my wife. You will not refuse me now," he pleaded almost humbly.

"I must, even now, Mr. Merton," she answered more gently, "for I could never love you, even if I would. Please let us drop this subject forever. If your regard for me is sincere, prove it by letting me live my life in my own way, without further persecution."

"By heaven, no!" he cried, all his worst passions again aroused, as he realized how impossible it was to win her. "Phyllis Payne, I have sworn that you shall be mine, and so you shall—by fair means or foul. "Come"—throwing one strong arm around her and dragging her forward—"you can't possibly escape me. I have a carriage waiting round the corner, and——"

"With a shriek, which he tried to stifle with his hand, Phyllis wrenched herself free by an almost superhuman effort, and darted from his side with the speed of an arrow.

She glanced around, but the street was dark and no help seemed near.

"To the river—to the river!" she panted as she ran. "There, at least, I can find rest and peace!"

Suddenly she came into collision with another moving object, and looking up, frightened half to death, found herself in the arms of a man.

"Phyllis!" cried a voice that thrilled all her senses—a voice full of amazement and anxiety. "My darling, was it you who screamed just now? What——"

"Bob!" she murmured, letting her fair head sink on his breast. "Oh, it is Bob come home at last!"

"Yes, a good five months before you expected him," answered the strong, handsome fellow, with such an honest ring in his rich voice, and such a tender lovelight in his dark eyes that you could not wonder Phyllis loved him so truly; "but our business turned out so much better than we had ever hoped for, that there was no need for staying longer. I am rich enough now to claim my bride at once, darling, and I mean to do so. But why are you here, Phyllis, and what frightened you? Tell me all about it."

And leaning on his strong arm as they walked along, Phyllis told him all.

But Edgar Merton had vanished, nor did he ever trouble her again.

For the next evening he read in the paper of the marriage of Phyllis Payne to Robert Vivian, and with one pure sigh for the sweet, proud face that he would never quite forget, he turned his thoughts to "conquests new," far easier to make.—*Family Story Paper*

WILL WED A KING.

Being Educated in America for the Bride of an African Chief.

In Loudon County, Virginia, not very far from Washington, there is a girl who will some day contract an alliance with a king. Her dresses on that occasion will not be particularly splendid, and for that reason perhaps, the event has not attracted the attention that such marriages usually do. The truth is that the girl is a negress and the man she will marry is king of a tribe in Africa. She is at present being trained for her future position in Africa court circles and is an inmate of the family of Rev. John S. Chester, a clergyman who several years ago was a missionary to the west coast of Africa. His wife became very fond of a young African girl while he was there and asked permission that she return with them when they left the dark continent. Her father, thinking the missionary was joking, gave his consent, but when the time came for parting wanted to be released from his promise. Chester still persisted in his request, and finally, as no member of the tribe is allowed under pain of death to break a promise, he had to allow his daughter to depart.

The child was given the English name of Nellie instead of the unpronounceable cognomen which she at first possessed, and although Chester already had children of his own she was treated as a member of the family. Since Nellie has been in the United States she has made great progress in her education, and now at the age of fifteen is a model of scholarship and politeness. She can speak French and English well and combines the winning ways of an American girl with the politeness of a Parisian. Nellie looks much older than she really is and would be eligible to marriage if she were with her own tribe.

Since they came here the Chesters have kept up a correspondence with the parents of the girl, who have been delighted with the progress which they have learned that she is making under her instructors. About a month ago they received a letter from her father asking that she be returned to Africa, as the king wished to claim his bride. The tribe of which she is a member is a polygamous one and Chester refused to do this unless the girl was to be the king's only queen. The king, who is charmed with the stories about Nellie, has promised to do as asked, and it is likely that within a few months Nellie will be sent back to mount a throne in her native land.

She has had several offers of marriage from negroes living near her home, but she has refused them all and the king will find her heart whole and fancy free. African-like, she does not care much for sentiment and seems perfectly content to wed a man many years her senior and whom she has not seen since she was a very small child.

Sky Photography.

All over the world on moonlit nights astronomers are busily preparing a photographic map of the sky. It will be a stupendous work of some 2,000 sheets, and will exhibit many stars not before noted. Sky photography is practically a new discovery, and promises more for the astronomical science than almost any mechanical discovery which has preceded it. A "snap" exposure shows only the stars visible to the naked eye, or through a weak glass, but as the plate remains exposed more and still more stars continue to make their appearance upon it. Exposure for four or more hours with such extreme sensitive plates as are now perfected has disclosed countless celestial bodies which even the largest telescope has never reached.

BALEFUL AMUSEMENTS.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT THE PLEASURES THAT DESTROY.

A Solemn Warning Against Vice in an Enticing Form.—How to Discriminate Between Good and Bad Amusements.

NEW YORK, March 15.—The series of sermons Dr. Talmage is preaching in this city and Brooklyn, on "The Plagues of the Cities," is attracting general attention. At the morning service in Brooklyn, and at the evening service held in this city, the number of persons who come to hear the sermons is far larger than either of the buildings can accommodate. The sermon today, which is the fourth of the series, is on "Baleful Amusements." The text was 2 Samuel 2 : 14: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword-fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side; so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straight-jacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others.

I never could keep step to a dead-march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements; for instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and, feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers and goes into his garret, and walks lively around the floor several times, there can be no harm in it. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth, and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has, for the main part, ignored it. As in a riot, the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street, and has it fired off, so that every thing is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the Church who plant their batteries of condemnation, and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But my Bible commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear; and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland.

And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find elevated moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst plagues of these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusement by the Sodomic pictures on board fences, and in many of the show windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. Those pictures were exhumed from Pompeii, and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in hanging out improper advertisements of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooklyn will beat not only Pompeii, but Sodom.

To help stay the plague now raging, I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right, or whether it is wrong.

I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result, or by its baleful reaction.

If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up; and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

There is nothing more depraving than attendance upon amusements that are full of innuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back with his hat on and his coat collar up, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat earlier, and pulls his coat-collar down. The blush that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consummate destruction. The stars of hope will go out one by one, until you will be left in utter darkness. Hear you not the rush of the maelstrom, in whose outer circle your boat now dances, making merry with the whirling waters? But you are being drawn in, and the gentle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for help. In vain! You pull at the oar to put back, but the struggle will not avail! You will be tossed and dashed and shipwrecked, and swallowed in the whirlpool that has already crushed in its wrath ten thousand hulks.

Still further; those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds and thousands of dollars, but how many proprietors have been riddled by costly amusements.

When men go into amusements that they can not afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment, and then into lying, and then into theft; and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

I go further, and say those are unchristian amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. Whether we were born in a palace or hovel; whether we are affluent or pinched, we have to work. If you do not sweat with toil, you will sweat with disease. You have a soul that is to be transfigured amidst the pomp of a judgment day; and after the sea has sung its last chant, and the mountain shall have come down in an avalanche of rock, you will live and think and act, high on a throne where seraphs sing, or deep in a dungeon where demons howl. In a world where there is so much to do for yourselves, and so much to do for others, God pity that man who has nothing to do.

Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while on their way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil, and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up lounging-places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gas-lighted foolery! The man who always has on his sporting-jacket, ready to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray, or work, or read, is not as well off as the greyhound that runs by his side, or the fly bait with which he whips the stream.

A man who does not work does not know how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing but laugh, he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift, and hands with which to work, and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age, and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal world!

I go further, and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

Again: Any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are today the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word "home." Do you know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas, if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

I saw a wayward husband standing at the death-bed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger, and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," she said, "do you remember who put it there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it there," and all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, in the presence of men and angels, you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when one life was spared and another given; by that sick-bed, when the little one lifted up the hands and called for help, and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in Greenwood that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where, amidst stories of heavenly love, is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past, and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment-day, when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups, will stand to be caught up in shining array, or to shrink down into darkness; by all that, I beg you to give to home your best affections.

Ah my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death-pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand, and take, the remaining pound of flesh, and the remaining drop of blood; and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven, the curtain will forever drop.

A house at Yorkshire Center, N. Y., occupied by Thomas Harwood, aged 70, caught fire Tuesday night, and Harwood was burned to death.

A curious phenomenon was recently observed on the sea at Folkestone, England. A ship laden with oil sunk in collision and the water was covered with oil. This produced a strange effect on the wild fowl which are plentiful there. Wild ducks, teal and other birds were easily caught, as they seemed unable to fly on account of their feathers being saturated with oil.

Despite the constant assurance of success from the use of the lymph which are received from all quarters of Europe the leading physicians in New York hospitals where the precious fluid has been in use still continue very non-committal. None are willing to admit that a cure has been effected by inoculation, nor, on the other hand, will any one affirm that death can be traced to the lymph's use. But they are evidently determined to damn, with faint praise, for same time to come.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

The bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

The ancients dreaded death; the Christian only fears dying.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.—Coleridge.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the hair of a saint.—Lavater.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

There is nothing but man that respecteth greatness; not God, not nature, not disease, not death, not judgment.—Joseph Hall.

'Tis not to cry: "God, mercy!" or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast failed;
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd,
He that bewails and not forsakes them, too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.
—Quarles.

He who gives pleasure, meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship and the hook of love; he who sows not reaps not.—Basile.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous: but, I believe, never the sweet—Guesses at Truth.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.—Vinet.

A Christian, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the vine. Now, as the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned of afflictions. If it be painful to bleed it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—Joseph Hall.

WHAT IT WOULD DO.

The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.

The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a peck of potatoes.

The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for two dozen of eggs.

The money paid for three glasses of whisky would pay for a dressed fowl.

The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter pound of tea.

The money paid for one glass of whisky would pay for one pound of beef.

The money paid for two glasses of whisky would pay for one pound of coffee.

The money paid for four glasses of whisky would pay for three pounds of butter.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a ton of coal.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of whisky a day would pay for a suit of clothes.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of beer a day would pay for a carriage.

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An Episcopal Rector.

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THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR THE GENERAL FARMER.

Limed and Unlimed Potatoes—Something About the Peanut Industry in This Country—Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy and Stock Notes.

A Crate for Shipping Poultry, Etc.

A crate especially designed to safely carry and advantageously exhibit poultry, etc., and which may also be used for the conveyance of perishable articles generally, while, when not in use, it may be knocked down and packed in small compass, for storage and transportation, is shown in the accompanying illustration. The crate is made with opposite flat sides and beveled end sides, covered by wire netting, and has a detachable floor, on the outer edges of which are straps by which the floor may be connected with buttons on side strips. At the corners of the floor are beveled perforations, adjacent to which are hinged vertical posts, extending downward through the floor and upward through the



A KNOCKDOWN CRATE.

ceiling of the crate, the upper ends of the posts being reduced in size, thus forming shoulders to support the ceiling, and means for connecting with supporting posts above, whereby any number of similar crates may be thus superimposed on each other, our illustration representing a double crate. The top of the lower crate has centrally sliding doors moving in sideways, and the top of the upper crate has a swinging door held closed by a suitable catch, whereby fowls, etc., may be conveniently placed and confined in the crate. Detachable posts are used in connection with the upper crates, and the floor of the bottom crate has a removable central post, which, with other posts near the edges of the floor, is adapted to support partitions of cloth of webbing, whereby the crate may be divided into such number of compartments as desired. The webs pass through slots in the center post, so that they may be easily regulated or moved. A detachable floor is also provided, of cloth or other flexible material, a strengthening rod or rib extending around its outer edge, adapted to fit within the side strips of the crates, this floor also having straps adapted to connect with buttons on the side strips. The crate shown, instead of being double, may be put together to afford one large interior compartment, with no dividing floor, the bevels from the top and bottom edges then giving a larger central horizontal portion. The network sides may also be made in globe form, the posts, supports, and sides strips provided for in the construction admitting of application in the making of various shaped crates, as well as facilitating the nesting of them in such way as may be deemed desirable.

Dairy and Stock.

The pampered animal is not for breeding.

Every cattle breeders association has resolved to do its best at the World's Fair.

What is "science in dairying?" That which teaches a man how to feed a cow at a cost of fifteen cents a day, and make her produce a pound and a quarter of butter good enough to bring thirty cents a pound on the open market.

No wonder the dairymen have to pull hard to live with 70,000,000 pounds of oleo. put upon the market, a large part of which is sold in the United States as butter. If all the States had laws like New York, there would be less oleo.

Fifty cows from each of seven distinct breeds, a total of three hundred and fifty, will constitute a working dairy during the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago in 1893. They will be stabled, fed and cared for in the best way known to practical men, and their milk made into butter and cheese, in a dairy house of the best form known to scientists, by the most expert dairymen of the country. This will be an object lesson in dairying worth studying.

How to purify rancid butter has been asked more than once. A lady, writing for another journal, says: "I have a method of cleansing rancid and poor butter that makes it better and more economical to use in making pastry than lard. I melt it, and then boil sliced raw potatoes in it. When the potatoes are brown I know the butter is cleansed, and that they have absorbed the butyric acid that chiefly makes the butter rancid. I skim off the surface and pour the pure oil in jars, to store it till time of use."

According to a plan drawn up by the directors of the German Society of Agriculture, there will be admitted to the show 400 horses, 1,200 horned cattle, 800 sheep, 400 pigs, 50 goats and 400 fowls and rabbits. Should the entries exceed those numbers, the executive are authorized to close them on the 28th of the present month. Margarine will not be admitted, that not being an agricultural product.

Curing Hams.

The famous Westphalia hams are cured as follows: They are first rubbed with dry salt and left to drain for 24 hours. Four quarts of salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one pound of saltpeter, four ounces of salprunella, and four ounces of juniper berries are bruised and well mixed together and boiled in six quarts of water. The brine is then cooled and skimmed. The hams are taken from the salt and are wiped dry, and the cold pickle is poured over them and well rubbed into the meat. They are then smoked a little every day for three months, or even more, until completely dry, when they will keep sound and improve in flavor for years. Hams shrink in smoking about 10 per cent in weight, whilst pickled or salted pork gains about 10 per cent, so say the curers.

Painting Wagon Wheels.

It is asserted by those who have tested the matter, that painting wagon wheels once in two years answers as well as soaking in boiling oil to keep them in shape and avoid the expense of resetting tires. A quart of raw linseed oil and ten cents' worth of cheap paint, and you have the cash expense. Take off the wheels and lay them on a bench and paint the upper side, allowing the paint to work in between felloe and tire. By the time all four are treated, the first will be dry enough to turn over for painting on the other side. Laying them down is much better than painting with the wheel on the wagon.

Horse Talk.

Put none but strong halters on the colts.

Standing in manure will cause thrush.

A writer in the Country Gentleman says camphor will cure thrush.

Work, not straining, will not injure the breeding mare.

An ill-fitting collar is often the cause of a sore breast and a balky horse.

A colt trained to ride will take more kindly to the harness and is easily brought into use.

A foreign market is springing up for American trotters. They must be good ones.

If the horse inclines to kick in the stable, put a strong rope across the back end of the stall.

A sick horse should be well blanketed and be kept in a warm stable. Warm its drink and rub its legs.

Keep hot poultices of bread and milk or oil meal on the neck of horses with throat distemper, change them often. In severe cases rub the glands and muscles with spirits of turpentine and camphor.

A fine monument marks the grave of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, in Chester, Orange county, N. Y. His owner Mr. Rysdyk, did it as a tribute to noble blood.

We must try to breed horses which are wanted in Europe for government use. To do this we must breed large mares of good action, not speed, to the Cleveland Bay, French Coach, Percheron and Clydesdales. Those with the most style and action can go abroad, and those not quite so fine we well keep to our home work.

All intelligent students of the horse give little hay, or a moderate amount of hay, and feed grain more liberally than to the ruminants, for the double reason that the horse will make poorer use of the hay than the steer or the sheep will, and will be less easy of motion. Good horse feeders give but 10 to 12 pounds of hay a day, and feed once or twice daily.

"The farmer's horse in winter, if not hard-worked," writes Galen Wilson, "will do better, and his coat look better, if wintered on bright straw and 2 quarts of oats night and morning, than if fed all the good timothy hay he will eat. I have done this so much that I know it to be a fact. Anybody by figuring out these two methods and comparing expenses will readily see that the former method of feeding is much more economical than the latter."

Agricultural News and Notes.

The Farmers' alliance is endeavoring to secure the erection of a cottonseed oil mill at Denton, Texas.

Chicago has been selected as the place for the next meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance.

In Ontario, where it is the rule to send children to agricultural schools, 85 per cent of them go back to the farm.

The exports of mutton during 1890 were over 3,000,000 carcasses, being about fifteen times greater than in 1883.

The Hungarian government has caused much discontent by announcing that it intends to tax the production of mead, a drink made of honey, and a kind of plum brandy known as slivovitz. By so doing a flourishing home industry will be injured, and the poorer classes who cannot afford to buy wine at the high prices to which the devastations of phylloxera have raised, it will be obliged to drink bad liquor.

Lessons learned from the immense crops of potatoes grown in competition for the prizes offered last season by the American Agriculturist are: That cutting the seed potatoes into sets with two eyes each gives most general satisfaction; that large or medium sized potatoes are best for planting; that the sets should be slightly sprouted before being planted, although they should be cut before the sprouts have started; that planting should be delayed until settled weather; that placing the sets directly upon stable manure is bad practice and that concentrated commercial fertilizers are better as a rule than stable manure.

SOME GOOD SNAKE STORIES.

A Sedalia, Mo., editor was presented with a snake lately. When it arrived it was whole, but in a day or two it unjointed itself and is now in three pieces. The moral of this paragraph is to shun the first glass.

While two ladies and a gentleman were out riding at St. Augustine, Fla., a day or two ago, a huge blacksnake fell from a limb of an overhanging tree upon the top of the carriage. The same crawled down into the carriage by the side of one of the ladies. She screamed and the snake slid down the side of the vehicle and made for the palmetto bushes. The driver slashed at it with his whip and secured as a trophy a piece of the snake's tail.

Judge Bailey of Jackson, Ga., while fishing saw a monster moccasin swimming by. Thinking it was a sea serpent the judge attempted to harpoon him with a hook. Making an artistic cast he succeeded in hooking the monster through the body. Then it was "pull Dick, pull dev—" we mean pull snake, pull judge. At last the snake made a dash at the log upon which the judge was standing, when the legal luminary took to the water, yelling for help. He was at last rescued by his friends and his snakeship was killed.

Two lads, aged 13 and 14, living near Carrollton, Ohio, were taking a horse to pasture, on Mr. Thomas' farm, and as they were about to secrete the bridle until their return they discovered two large blacksnakes, one of which the lads succeeded in killing, while the other took refuge in a hollow log. The next day the father of the boys visited the place and cutting into the log discovered and killed the other snake. Each one of the reptiles measured six feet and inside of the first one killed were found fourteen pheasant eggs.

D. J. Guyton, living at Carterville, Ga., killed a snake under peculiar circumstances. His cow had failed to come up at the usual time and he went out in search for her. After a long hunt he found the animal in a field, and when he attempted to drive her homeward she would not move. Upon closer inspection Mr. Guyton met with a surprising sight. Wrapped around one of the legs of the cow was a large snake, the head of which was doing effective service in drawing lacteal fluid from one of the teats. It took only a few minutes to kill the snake, which was found to be of the chicken variety, measuring six feet and eight inches.

Dr. Rosa Kerchbaumer is the first woman licensed to practice medicine in Austria. She is said to be an uncommonly able oculist.

"Go where glory waits thee," she said, as she buckled on his armor, and pressed into his off hand a small package. It contained a few bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; she didn't want him to have to contend with an enemy and a cold all at the same time. Sensible girl!

The farmer is a bigger factor than the farm. Moving does not cure the ill-fortune resulting from ignorance or extravagance.

Dairymen, stockmen, livery-stable men, and horse-car men unite in saying that no such horse and cattle lotion as Salvation Oil has ever been put upon the market. It should be kept at every stable and stock yard in the land. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Finemind—My son, who is this Miss De Sweet you are paying attention to? Is she intellectual? Adult Son—Not enough to hurt.—Good News.

If not above being taught by a man, take this good advice. Try Dobbins' Electric Soap next Monday. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

"When a woman consents to marry a man, he forgets everything." That's the reason it is dangerous to give your husband a letter to mail.

Money In the Business.

Tell Mrs. Wells that she, or any industrious person, can make $40 a week in the plating business. For particulars address W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio. A Plater costs $3. I am working now and know there is money in the business.
ELLA M. CASE.

Professor Robert Koch bids fair to become the High Kochalorum of the medical fraternity.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

In Germany, a good workman can always make his mark.—Drake's Magazine.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation and Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

Some animals shed their coats in warm weather, but the dog leaves off his pants at the approach of winter.

Alexander's Detective Agency, 121 W. Madison St., Chicago. All kinds of detective work done in the most satisfactory manner. All communications strictly private.

The young lady who made seven hundred works out of "conservatory," has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

If he succeeds, Prof. Koch will not only be the greatest germ man, but the greatest German.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Give not a hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's.

The end of life is God; the rule, duty; the obstacles, our bad passions.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

My principal method for defeating error and heresy (says Newton) is by establishing the truth.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart.

"Life," say the Arabs, "is of two parts; that which is past—a dream; that which is to come—a wish."

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.

Whoever would do good in the world ought not to deal in censure. We ought not to destroy but rather to construct.

One day of sickness will do more to convince a man that his mother is his best friend than seventeen volumes of proverbs.

Mrs. Cumso—"Your help is Irish, isn't she? Mrs. Faugle—O, yes. "Does she believe in home rule?" "Well, I should say so! She just bosses the house."—Drake's Magazine.

Photographer (to young lady): There is no need of telling you to look pleasant, miss. Such a face cannot be otherwise than pleasant. Young lady (graciously): I will take two dozen, sir, instead of one dozen.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Pretty Girl—I wish I knew what costume to get for the fancy ball. Little Brother—I'll tell you what, sis. Wear your spotted veil and go as a small-pox patient.—Good News.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy.

As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine.

And here's the proof——

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.



THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM.
Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Send for circulars.
C. H. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.



SPRAY YOUR FRUIT TREES AND VINES
Wormy Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Grape and Potato Rot, Plum Curculio prevented by using EXCELSIOR SPRAYING OUTFITS.
PERFECT FRUIT ALWAYS SELLS AT GOOD PRICES. Catalogue showing all injurious insects to Fruits mailed free. Large stock of Fruit Trees, Vines, and Berry Plants at Bottom Prices. Address W. F. STAHL, Quincy, Ills.

HAWKEYE GRUB and STUMP MACHINE
Works on either standing timber or stumps. Will pull an ordinary Grub in 15 minutes. Makes a clean sweep of Two Acres at a sitting. A man, a boy and a horse can operate it. No heavy chains or rods to handle. The crop on a few acres the first year will pay for the Machine. Send postal card for Illust'd Catalogue, giving price, terms and testimonials. JAMES MILNE & SON, Sole M'f'rs, Scotch Grove, Iowa.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS PENNYROYAL * PILLS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
25 CTS

"He had small skill o'horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take ordinary soaps for house-cleaning.
THE PROPER THING
is SAPOLIO
—Try a cake of it, and be convinced.—

Common Soap fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.



A State of Siege

How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out *against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases*, until the siege is raised. *It prevents wasting in children.* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
THE TREVORITE, OF TREVOR.
} $1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

—PUBLISHED BY—

J. J. BURKE,

From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.
Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois

AN official order has been issued by the war department authorizing the enlistment of not more than 2000 Indians in the regular army.

MR. BLAINE is the proud posesser of a testimonial endorsing the reciprocity treaty with Brazil and hoping that similar ones may be negotiated with other South American countries, which is signed by more than 200 New York merchants and importers, representing an invested capital of more than $60,000,000.

QUEER packages are constantly being received at the Government departments, but a queerer or more gruesome one than that containing what purported to be the ashes of a Union soldier, some scraps of blanket, brass buttons of the uniform and a battered bullet, which several days ago came through the mail from Vicksburg, Miss., is not remembered. It was sent to the war department under the mistaken impression that the sender would be entitled to a reward of $25.

THE administration seems disposed to take a little rest after the long tug with Congress. Mr. Harrison has gone to Maryland to shoot wild ducks, Secretary Foster has gone home, and Secretary Proctor has gone down South, while a large number of the more or less distinguished jurists and patriots who are willing to serve their beloved country as judges, at $5,000 a year, of the newly created United States Circuit Court, are left to cool their heels in Washington hotels and boarding houses until the President returns. There are nine of these judges to be appointed, and the number of applicants—and they are not all republicans—already very large, is daily, we might say hourly, increasing.

THE two subsidy shipping bills, one granting a tonnage subsidy to all American vessels engaged in foreign trade and the other authorizing the Postmaster General to contract with steamships for carrying our mails to foreign countries, which passed the Senate last summer and which have been the subject of a great deal of contention in the House at this session, have been disposed of by the house. The first being defeated and the latter passed, with an amendment slightly reducing the amounts to be paid. The failure of the first bill is the source of considerable disappointment to the administration, which urged its passage on the ground of its being necessary to enable this country to get the full benefit of reciprocity. Nevertheless it was defeated by republican votes just as the bill that was passed owes its success to democratic votes.

SENATOR Pettigrew, who at one bound obtained a national notoriety last fall, by reason of his being one of the three republican Senators that voted against the McKinley tariff bill, has some very decided opinions on the question of Canadian reciprocity, which he does not hesitate to proclaim. He said: "I was very much interested in the Canadian elections, and I am very much pleased to know that the conservatives are on top. Why? Because their success settles for some time to come all prospects of reciprocity, treaties with Canada. I am opposed to reciprocity with Canada because it would make every Canadian farmer a competitor on even terms with American agriculturists all along the border. What kind of a trade would it be for us to give them a market of 64,000,000 of people in return for an opportunity to sell goods to 5,000,000 people? If reciprocity was in operation England would move her factories to Canada and enjoy all of the advantages without carrying any of the burden. If Canada desires annexation we will accommodate her, but the people of the United States don't want any reciprocity where the balance is so tremendously on the other side."

POSTOFFICE department officials express themselves as very much pleased with the experimental free delivery service which is now being tried in thirty villages and small towns and which is to be extended to twelve more the first of April, and they predict that the results will be so satisfactory that Congress will provide for its permanent maintainance all over the country.

COMMISSIONER of Indian affairs Morgan is out in a long and somewhat labored argument against disarming the Indians that will certainly make him unpopular with most of the whites living in the Indian country. Here is what seems to be an uncalled for reflection upon the whites of South Dakota, whose governor had asked for the disarming of the Indians in that state: "Should the arms they now posess be forcibly taken from them, there is nothing either in the law or in the habits of the people surrounding them to prevent them from arming themselves anew at the earliest opportunity by purchasing from the whites all the arms and amunition which they are able to pay for."

SINCE Congress adjourned the Alliance Senators and Representatives are devoting their time and attention to becoming acquainted with the methods of transacting business in the executive departments of the Government, and it will be surprising if some of the present red tape how-not-to-do business methods do not get a complete showing up in the next Congress. These Alliance men are investigating in the right way. They are visiting the departments with their eyes and ears open, without making themselves officially known, which gives them an opportunity of learning by actual personal experience the difference with which the average department official receives ordinary citizens and Senators or Representatives, a difference which the average Congressman never knows, because of his anxiety to have everybody he meets know his official position.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce that Robert Selter of Grass Lake, will be a candidate for the office of tax collector at the coming spring elections.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. J. Fenkell is seriously ill at her home on Grand Ave. Miss Ida is also sick.

Z. H. Osmun has bought of Robert Bonner 240 acres in Wauconda township for $18,000.

Thomas Moran purchased of P. Moran the building adjoining Temperance Hall for $3,000.

Alderman Dietmeyer purchased property on the bluff west of Berry's mill for $400 and resold it to Granger Smith for $1100.

The Illinois Barrel Co. was incorporated last week with a capital stock of $5,000, the incorporators being Howard Ferry, D. L. Jones, T. R. Stevens and J. R. Lawrence. It is expected that the works will be established here in a few months.

Several men have arrived here from Worcester, Mass., on business for the Wire Works. A number of laborers have arrived to work on the side track which will be extended to the Washburn-Moen works. When that is completed the Co. will commence work on their buildings.

The Board of Supervisors were in session last week. They transacted a large amount of business, and made their final settlement for the year. The troublesome affair regarding some swamp lands was finally settled by them, by a contract with G. P. Garner of Cook Co., by which the county will receive some money.

R. V. Fitch, of Volo, contemplates making Waukegan his home.

There is a movement started to establish a public reading room here.

Prof. Severence, who is just closing a term in dancing lessons talks of giving another half term here.

S. W. Marvin, father of W. Marvin; County Superintendent of Schools, has moved to this city.

W. H. Hall, town collector of the town of Ela, was in town Tuesday on business with the County Treasurer.

W. H. Dodge & Co. will establish a hardware store on the corner of Genesee and Washington Sts. about April 1st.

Dr. Pierce has bought the Stewart block, also the Miller property, paying $28,500 for both pieces of property.

The elocutionary entertainment given at the Christian church Tuesday evening by the Rev. Ott was a decided success.

George Ferguson recently sold a farm of 240 acres at $300 per acre. The farm lies partly in Waukegan and partly in Shields.

Charles Yager bought of Andrew Harberger a house and lot on Genesee St. south of the Sherman House for $1000.

It is expected that E. S. Dryer, the Chicago real-estate man will make a fortune out of his speculation in acre property on the south side. He has sold twenty acres at $1000 per acre. He invested $108-000 in acre property a few weeks ago.

The marriage of W. B. Severson and Miss Lucy Hillier which occurred Feb. 17th has just been made public. The young people were both employees in the store of Wood & Kent. Congratulations are extended.

ROSECRANS.

Miss M. J. Taylor has closed school at Grub Hill for three weeks vacation.

Hanlan Bros. were in Waukegan last Saturday attending to real-estate business.

Newport's genial patentee was in town Friday last, discussing the merits of a new ment chopper.

On Wednesday, March 25, there will be a large sale of draft horses on the Wm. Halloway ranch at Russell, Ills.

The young people gave an interesting entertainment to a large audience last Saturday evening in the church. The recitations of Geo. P. Sturges were especially fine and ably rendered, and all that assisted in presenting the program are entitled to praise of their ability.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. $1,000 cash, balance on time.
Also fine building lots for $75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

ANTIOCH MILLINERY STOCK FOR SALE.

Requiring the room for other business, I offer for sale my stock of millinery goods. Call or address:

MRS. MATTIE F. EMMONS,
Antioch, Ill.

GEO. W. BELL,

WAGON MAKING

AND REPAIRING.

I keep on hand a full line of Wagon and Machinery Repairs, and am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and at lowest prices.
Shop over Peterson's Blacksmith Shop,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

JOB WORK
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September, 6, 1890, that Nette Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north, range 9 east 3d. P. M. Illinois, containing 23.71 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Nette, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

BARGAINS IN VILLAGE PROPERTY.

We offer this week a new house and 3 lots, with well, cistern, barn etc., in this village, a bargain at $ 2,100. Also a warehouse at what it cost the owner; a bargain for some one. Don't buy village lots until you see what we have to offer.
CHINN & BURKE, Real-estate and Loans,
Antioch, Ills.

Many years practice have given C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of Patents, at Washington D. C., unsurpassed success in obtaining patents for all classes of invention. They make a specialty of rejected cases, and have secured allowance of many patents that had been previously rejected. Their advertisement in another column will be of interest to inventers, patentees, manufacturers and all who have to do with patents.

NOTICE!

Watches! _____ Watches!!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.

T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

HOMES FOR ALL:- Village lots from $100, up, in a prosperous village on Wis. Central R. R. Address: R. Johonnott, Antioch, Ills.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,

Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of

WINTER MILLINERY.

Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

Mrs. J. A. Turner,

—DEALER IN—

LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,

WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR, RIBBONS LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.

All goods selected with care and sold AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
—AND—
NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our fine line of

GROCERIES
—AND—
: PROVISIONS :

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new leading and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $75 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONE POUND
PEOPLE'S
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDER'S
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

A large and fine new stock of

CLOTHING

For Spring and Summer Trade

—JUST RECEIVED AND—

READY FOR INSPECTION.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN LADIES' SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF

WALL PAPER

EVER SHOWN IN THIS TOWN.

NEW GOODS IN EVERY LINE.

—:— DONT BUY DRY GOODS —:—
UNTIL YOU SEE HOW COMPLETE MY STOCK IS
—:— IN THIS LINE. —:—

GOOD SELECTIONS, STYLISH GOODS,
LOW PRICES.

C. O. FOLTZ,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

DO YOU SEE THIS?

During the month of February,

previous to removal to our new Store, we will sell

Full Standard prints 5 & 6cts. ₱ yard.
Amoskeag & York Ch. Ginghams @ 6½c.
Fine Dress Ginghams, ... @ 8½c.
Pipperell R. 36 inch Sheeting, ... @ 6½c.
Lonsdale Bleached Sheeting, ... @ 8½c.
All No's. of thread, ... ₱ doz. 45c.

—Come and see—
OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING
AT THE LOWEST PRICES
quality considered
EVER OFFERED.

Ladies, Gents and Misses
UNDERWEAR
and Gents Gloves and Mittens.
LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN
in this town.

NOTE THESE PRICES
IN GROCERY STOCK.

Tea at 50 cts, or 45 cents in 5 pound lots.
Tea at 40 cents or 3 pounds for $1,00.
Tea at 30 cents or 4 pounds for $1,00.
CANNOT BE EQUALED
in Lake County.

Fine Valencia Raisins 8c ₱ lb. 14 lb. $1.
Buck-Wheat, ... 65 cents.
20 lb Pail Jelly, ... 75 cents.

DON'T FAIL
TO NOTE OUR LOW PRICES ON
Prints, Ginghams, Sheeting and Woolen Dress Goods.

WILLIAMS BROS.,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

M. A. Howard,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE.

I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERY-THING USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.
BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

TO OFFER

BARGAINS

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

15½ lbs. Granulated Sugar, $1,00.

MUSCATEL RAISINS 8 CENTS PER POUND.
BEST 3 PLY ROCKFORD CARPET WARP 23C PER LB.
1 lb STANDARD BAKING POWDER, 20 CENTS.
1 lb. GOOD LUCK SMOKING TOBACCO, FOR 14 CENTS.

STONE & CO.,

"LEADERS OF LOW PRICES"

ANTIOCH, - - ILL.